

Kitchen Gardens in Women's Hats. See Page 9.

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST NET SALE.

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as a Newspaper.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1914

One Halfpenny.

THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE'S INDISCRETIONS: HE SAYS "BRAVO" TO ZABERN OFFICERS



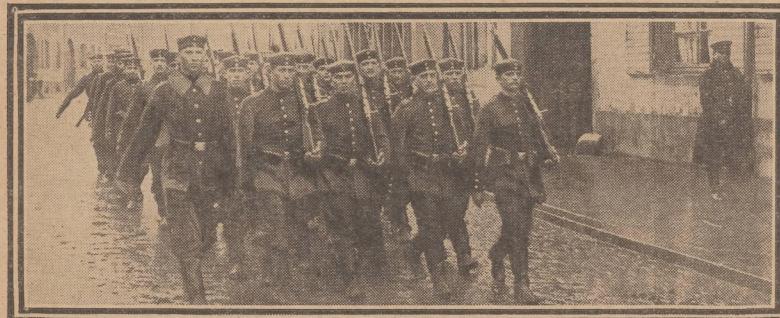
The Prince reviewing a guard of honour when he visited England in 1911. He was disgraced for applauding anti-English sentiments during a Reichstag debate.



The Prince looks self-satisfied, though the Press criticised him severely for supping a Berlin comedian in 1912.



The Prince smiles, though only in October last he was smacked for interfering in the Brunswick succession negotiations.



The hated 99th walking through Zabern. The Kaiser decided that the regiment should leave the town and go on manoeuvres "until further orders."



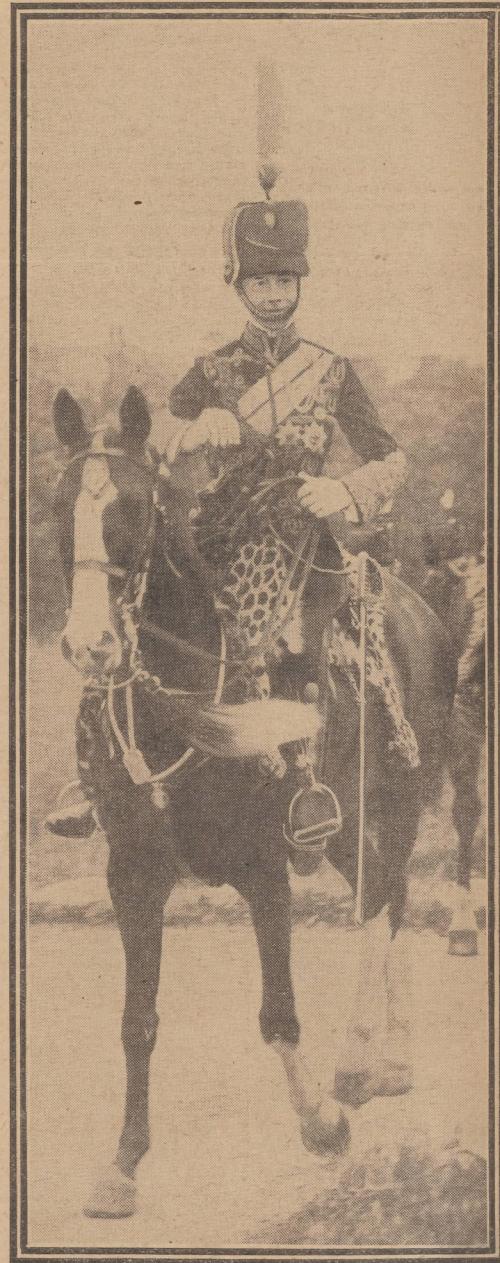
Lieutenant von Foerstner, the crippled officer who sabred a cobbler at Zabern.



Colonel von Reuter, who is now in connection with the Zabern affair, being tried by court-martial.



Lieutenant Schad, also being court-martialled for the Zabern incidents.



The Prince wearing the uniform of the 11th Hussars. He was brought back from command at Danzig to do office work because the Kaiser did not like his opinions. This was in December, 1913.

Ever since he was a small boy, when he used to run away from his governess, the German Crown Prince has had the faculty of getting into trouble. His latest "indiscretion" is to range himself on the side of the officers who gained unenviable

notoriety by dragging the citizens of Zabern, and having inherited the telegram mania from the Kaiser has sent two messages worded "Bravo!" and "Go ahead!" He has more than once quarrelled with his father, and with his mother-in-law.

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Abridged Synopsis of Contents

will serve to give some idea as to how complete is its plan:-

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MY MAIDEN SPEECH AND HOW I MADE IT.

By JOHN HERRICK.

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The Terrors of "Nerves."

It was simply lack of ability. I had never made a speech and was too nervous to try. But that is all altered now. I made my maiden speech two months ago, and since then I have made three more. My first was rather halting, though I did not disgrace myself, but my fourth, only last Friday, was a real success. I had lost my nervousness: I made my points and I carried the meeting with me till I sat down amid real applause.

Moreover, it is really a business necessity to be able to make a good speech.

To one man the chance of making a speech affords the opportunity for an enhanced reputation; to another it is nothing but a danger. For the man who stutters and stammers, and finally sits down after a speech principally consisting of "ums" and "ers," surely enhances his reputation as a keen-witted member of the community or as a man whose intelligence and resource can be depended upon in a business crisis.

The Secret of Success.

And because of that I am going to make a confession. I owe every bit of success to—what do you think?—a book, a book which first of all put me in the right way to thinking out a speech, which then provided me with an amusing story, and which, in the end, which gave me many valuable hints on the actual making of the speech.

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CROWN PRINCE'S TELEGRAMS

Sharp Criticism of Intervention in Zabern Affair.

"BRAVO" MESSAGE.

Crowd's Hostile Demonstration Against Accused Officers.

"Go ahead and stick to it!" "Bravo!"

That is the brief text of two telegrams relating to the Zabern affair in Alsace, which, it is now stated, were sent by the Crown Prince of Germany to General von Derning, commander of the 15th Army Corps at Strassburg.

This intervention in a matter, already sufficiently delicate, has provoked sharp criticism of the Crown Prince in the Berlin Liberal Press.

"Public opinion," says the *Tageblatt*, "would be unworthy to exist if it failed to point out his error to the Prince."

Meanwhile Berlin is asking whether there is a conflict of opinion between the Crown Prince and the Kaiser or whether the Kaiser shares the views of his son. (Photographs on page 1.)

CROWN PRINCE'S "ERROR."

BERLIN, Jan. 6.—The chief interest in the Zabern affair shifted to-day from the officers under trial at Strassburg to the Crown Prince, whose telegram or telegrams to General Von Derning provide the Liberal Press with material for sharp criticism on the Crown Prince's habit of intervening in public affairs.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* says:

"There can be no doubt that the representatives of military authority in Zabern committed a grave violation of the law, and their conduct was condemned by a vast majority in the Reichstag."

With regard to the effect of the congratulations from the Crown Prince on the energy shown by Colonel Von Reuter, which found its strongest expression in a disregard of the law?"

"It would be unworthy," declares the *Tageblatt*, "would be unworthy to exist if it failed to point out his error to the Prince."

"It is the right and duty of the Reichstag to protest energetically against the Prince's interference in politics, which is gradually becoming insupportable." —Reuter.

"GO AHEAD AND STICK TO IT."

BERLIN, Jan. 6.—A statement from a source described as authoritative, appears in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* to-day, according to which the Crown Prince sent two telegrams relating to the Zabern affair, not to Colonel Von Reuter, as is generally asserted, but to General Von Derning, commander of the 15th Army Corps, at Strassburg.

The first message is reported to have been forwarded prior to the events of November 28, and to have read: "Go ahead and stick to it—Friedrich Wilhelm Kronprinz."

The second telegram, dated November 29, is stated to have contained merely the words: "Bravo!—Friedrich Wilhelm Kronprinz."

With reference to the above it is to be remarked that the Crown Prince calls himself "Wilhelm," and always signs in that name, not "Friedrich Wilhelm." —Reuter.

ARRESTED "MAN WHO PASSED."

STRASBURG, Jan. 6.—The proceedings in the trial of Colonel Von Reuter in connection with the Zabern incidents aroused to-day even greater interest than those of yesterday.

Lieutenant Behlke gave evidence as to the reasons for the arrests made by the military.

He had arrested a man, he said, who intentionally passed in front of him several times.

Replying to the president of the Court, the witness said the man did not insult him.

A witness, Mr. Karpfen, of the Hotel Karpen said that the officers sitting in the hotel were often assailed by the crowd with insults, and were called "Prussian pigs." —Central News.

On leaving the courthouse at Strassburg this evening Colonel von Reuter and other officers were followed by a crowd, which swelled in numbers until it filled the whole street (says a Reuter message). Threatening-cries were uttered and menacing gestures were made by some of the more daring spirits.

GLAMOUR OF OFFICIAL CASTE.

It is difficult for Englishmen who have not lived in Germany to realize the extraordinary glamour and privileges of the official caste."

The majority of German officers are not bullies. They are, as a rule, good-natured and well-mannered. But the attitude of the German officer to the civilian is perhaps one of more or less veiled contempt.

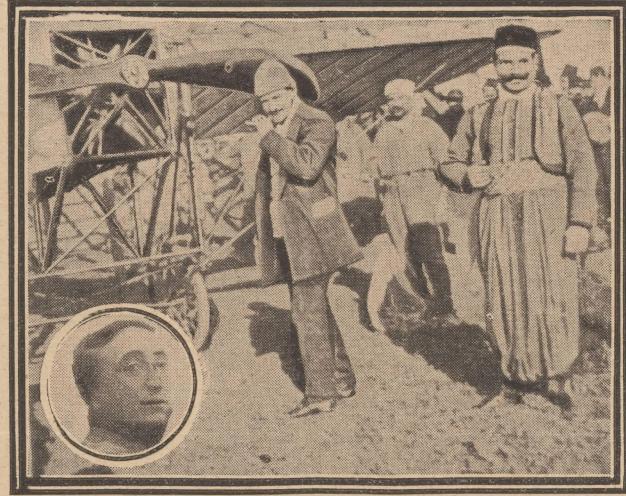
Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm is the archetype of this caste of English people who understand little, if anything, about the collision between his purely military sentiments and the broader ideas of his Imperial father.

Naturally, young German officers of his generation have made him their model, and have looked to him to uphold the prestige of the young officer.

The prestige of the young officer is universally conceded, and quite voluntarily, too, by men and women of all ages.

Even an inferior lieutenant can expect a dowry of £2,000 or £1,000 with his bride, and unless any girl who may feel honoured by his wooing, where a doctor, lawyer or professor would be quite content with £200. Every German girl is expected to have a dowry of some sort. There are no husbands for portionless girls.

AIRMAN ORDERED TO FIGHT OR GO HOME.



M. Vedrines standing in front of the propeller of his aeroplane at Cairo. He has been ordered by the National Aerial League either to fight M. Roux (inset) or return home. M. Roux challenged the famous French airman because the latter boxed his ears at Cairo, as the outcome of a dispute.

PORTRAITS OF PEOPLE WHO ARE IN THE NEWS.



M. Ephrussi, the well-known banker and sportsman, who has died in Paris at age of 70.



Mr. W. W. Taibly, the famous Master of Foxhounds, whose death will cause great regret.

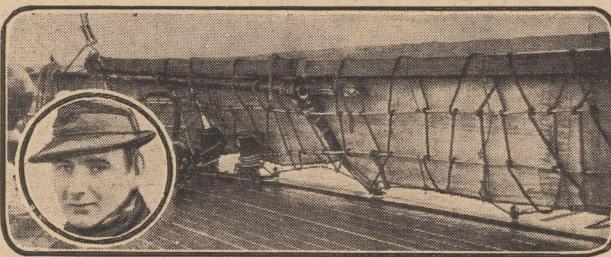


Mr. F. Cellier, who has died, was the Savoy conductor in the days of Gilbert and Sullivan opera and at the age of 71.



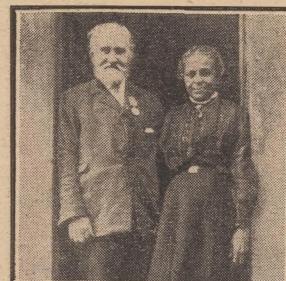
Mr. Val Hunter, the well-known athletic judge, whose death is announced at the age of 71.

TWO YOUTHS WASHED FROM BATTERED BARQUE.



The damaged rails of the barque *Inveresk*, which encountered a terrific storm on her voyage from Portland (Oregon) to Queenstown. Two apprentices were washed overboard and drowned and Seaman Anderson, whose portrait appears, was dashed against the wheel and had both legs broken.

VETERAN'S GOLDEN WEDDING.



Mr. Lacey, a Crimean veteran, and his coloured wife, who are celebrating their golden wedding.

FORMER MAYOR CHARGED.



Mr. R. M. Hall (nearest camera), former Mayor of Salisbury, charged with misappropriation of money.

PRINCESS'S MAGIC CHILDREN'S FETE.

Tiny Readers of "The Daily Mirror" in a Russian Fairyland.

GIPSIES AND NOBLES.

Over 200 child readers of *The Daily Mirror* spent one of the happiest days of their life yesterday afternoon at the Ambassador's Theatre, where they were entertained to a Russian Christmas tea by the Princess Baratiinsky, the well-known actress and impersonator of Anna Karenina.

Half an hour before the tea-party began at 3.30 there was a long queue of excited children outside the Ambassador's Theatre. When they came in they left the cold London streets for an enchanted world.

One needed little imagination to believe that the interior of the theatre was a country mansion in the heart of Russia, where the Elka, the Russian Christmas children's festival, was being celebrated.

How the children's eyes opened with wonder and delight when they saw the huge Christmas tree in the centre of the stage gleaming with fairy lanterns and spangles and surrounded with sweets and toys in the Russian style!

Walking about on the stage and in the theatre were men and women dressed in the costumes of the time of Ivan the Terrible; there were nobles in gorgeous cloaks and head-dresses, who came up to the children and told them stories.

"BLUE-RIBBON" CHILDREN.

All the boys and girls wanted to see the Princess Baratiinsky.

When they did meet her and she kissed some of them they could hardly contain their joy and pride.

"Isn't she going to wear a crown?" whispered one little boy.

"Blue-ribbon" children had tea first—those who had won pieces of blue ribbon given them when they entered. They trooped up on to the stage and sat round the long tea-table surrounding the Christmass-tree.

While the Russian nobles and the Princess herself were waiting on them came a delightful, thrilling surprise.

About thirty real Russian gypsies who travel about the country suddenly appeared from a dark corner of the stage. They were theirimitant, semi-barbaric creatures, and as they danced, drums began to sing quaint Russian Christmas songs, while some of the men and women danced.

Amid this wild scene—the gypsies might have just stepped in from the bleak wastes of Siberia—there was one little girl from Covent Garden diligently feeding a tiny baby.

Mme. Romanoff and Mme. Sokoloff sang some very charming songs in the Russian language, and Miss Beach gave a clever exhibition of whistling.

Mr. Moss, and Mr. Howes, of the Sinfonia Orchestra, gave their invaluable services during the afternoon, and toys and sweets, specially exported to England from St. Petersburg, were later on distributed to the children.

(Photographs on page 9.)

ANGLO-GERMAN WEDDING.

Superb Dresses at Marriage of Coal King's Daughter in Berlin.

BERLIN, Jan. 6.—The wedding of the Hon. John Mitford, fourth son of Lord Redesdale, and Fraulein von Friedlander-Fuld, in the church of the Holy Trinity was celebrated this afternoon.

There were present in the simply decorated church most of the Ambassadors in Berlin, several German Cabinet Ministers and General Moltke, Chief of the General Staff.

Afterwards a brilliant reception was held in the house of the bride's father.

The officiating clergyman, Dr. Lahusen, in his sermon referred to the chance which brought the young couple together at Kiel, where British and German seamen met in peace and yachting conflicts are fought out under the patronage of the Emperor, Reuter.

Magnificent dresses were a feature of the almost regal ceremony.

The bride, who entered the church on her father's arm, wore a simple white satin gown and no ornaments of any kind, but the bridesmaids were dressed in pale blue crepe de Chine with mousseline sleeves, and the maidens wore black hats. The couple carried small bouquets of pink carnations.

The bride's mother, an queenly Dutchwoman, was splendidly gowned in pearl grey chiffon and velvet embroidered with gold.

In deference to the bridegroom's nationality, the general German custom of wearing evening dress was abandoned, and all the principal guests dressed "English fashion."

35,000 RAILWAYMEN TO STRIKE.

The South African State railwaymen, who held a meeting at Pretoria last night (says *The Daily Mail* Johannesburg correspondent), have decided on a strike to-morrow morning, no ballot to be taken.

Before the decision was taken Mr. Burton, the Minister of Railways, issued a statement declaring that the resolution of which the men complain was necessary, but that only seventy out of 35,000 European employees on the State railways have been dismissed. He justifies the action by financial considerations.

The Government has all the plans ready for dealing with a strike and is understood to be confident that it can maintain some sort of service.

BROKEN IN HALF IN GREAT SEAS.

Oklahoma Survivor Says Stem Stood on End in Gale.

RESCUERS' 2 HOURS' FIGHT

(From Our Own Correspondent)

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—A vivid story of their desperate fight for life amid raging seas was told to-day by five survivors of the wrecked oil tank steamer Oklahoma, of 6,000 tons, which suddenly broke in half in a great gale off Sandy Hook.

After being washed out of a boat time after time they were picked up by the Booth Line steamer Gregory and landed here to-day, making the total number saved now thirteen.

Describing their desperate battle for life, Jacob Swanstrom, one of the survivors, said: "I was asleep below when a terrific crash came, and I heard a tremendous ripping. Then I felt a mighty heaving of the deck, and knew at once that the ship was a wreck."

Swanstrom jumped from his bunk, went to the upper deck, and, seeing that the steamer had buckled in half, went to rouse others of the crew.

When he regained the upper deck with the panic-stricken crew the after half of the buckled vessel was standing "almost on end," he said, "and the propeller was whirling high in the air." Swanstrom says he and the sailors launch a boat on the starboard side of the vessel.

He and others hurriedly launched another life-boat, and eleven men jumped into her, but a mountainous wave upset the boat.

The men righted the boat, and one by one struggled into the half-swamped craft.

So huge were the waves that men were washed out of the boat and drowned. This happened four times before the Gregory came in sight, and each time the number of men was grimly reduced.

BOYS BLOWN FIFTY YARDS.

(From Our Own Correspondent)

ST. KILDA, Jan. 6 (By Daily Mirror wireless).—Long St. Kilda was the scene on Sunday of a terrific gale which swept the island.

While two boys, aged fourteen and fifteen, were on their way to Sunday school, the wind lifted them off their feet and carried them a distance of fifty yards.

One of the boys had grasped a neighbouring door, but he was wrenches away by the force of the wind and was eventually landed against a stone wall. The whole of his left leg was badly bruised and his right arm sprained.

The heel of one of his new boots was ripped off, his cap was blown away, and his clothes were tattered. The other boy, who landed on a rubbish heap, sustained no injuries.

ONE FROZEN TO DEATH.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—Captain Aspinall, of the Gregory, related to-day that when the Oklahoma's life-boat drifts, the six men were clinging to her, but there were too numb to climb in.

The boat turned over again, and the men were scattered in the raging sea.

Roberts, the third mate, and Sidney Williams, the second officer, of the Gregory, plunged into the sea with ropes tied about them and worked for two hours before the men could be got on board.

The waves were so high that the rescuers were repeatedly dashed against the side of the ship, and the men they had seized were torn from them.

The sixth occupant of the lifeboat was found to be frozen to death.—Reuter.

FROST'S WHITE GRIP.

Sleet, snow, frost and rain—all these were reported yesterday from various parts, but frost prevailed over the greater part of the country in the morning and again at night.

The temperature in London at nine o'clock yesterday morning was 38deg. It rose to 41deg. at 2 p.m. At one o'clock this morning *The Daily Mirror* thermometer registered 34deg.

LONDON'S NEW EXCHANGE.

An important step has been taken towards the improvement of the telephone system in London.

A huge exchange is to be erected, and for this purpose the Inns of Court Hotel, High Holborn, W.C., has been purchased by the Postmaster-General.

Mr. Cecil Scruby, architect and estate agent in Fetterstone Buildings, High Holborn, who has conducted the sale, told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that the contract was signed on Saturday and the freehold purchased for a very large sum.

The work of alteration and adaptation will be commenced in about six weeks, and in about twelve months the new exchange is expected to be in working order.

LUNATIC'S ROPE OF SHEETS.

At an early hour this morning search was being made in the neighbourhood of Colney Hatch for an asylum inmate who, after outwitting the attendants, by an ingenious plan had succeeded in escaping from the institution.

The man, a "privilege" man—allowed certain liberties of which his harmless character had apparently caused him to be given—had apparently sawed through his cubicle window and lowered himself to the ground by a rope of sheets and the quilt off his bed! He had then scaled the high outer wall and got clear away.

FRAGSON'S FORTUNE.

French Barrister Thinks Dead Singer's Father Will Inherit Estate.

(From Our Own Correspondent)

PARIS, Jan. 6.—Despite the fact that he murdered his son, Fragson's father has, according to Maître Paul Reynaud, a prominent Paris barrister, an excellent chance of inheriting the dead man's fortune and of obtaining the insurance policy for £12,000 which Fragson took out in his father's favour.

If Fragson's estate is administered according to French law his father, even if his son had made a will in favour of someone else, could claim a quarter of the fortune.

It is certain that even if Mr. Pott is condemned to death, he will not be executed, and the heaviest punishment he can be given is a term of imprisonment.

If he is declared irresponsible by medical experts he will be acquitted and will inherit everything left by his son.

This will still be the case if a soft-hearted jury find that he inflicted injuries on his son without intending to kill him.

TANK STEAMER "CURE."

Lord Herschell "Signs On" as Paymaster and Is All the Better for the Voyage.

(From Our Own Correspondent)

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 6.—Lord Herschell, who from Lobitos, Chile, on Saturday, on the tank steamer Prometheus, expects to leave for Japan on Thursday by the steamer Shimpou Maru, so as to try and reach London by May 1.

In an interview at the Fairmount Hotel to-day on the experiences of the trip he said:—

"The Prometheus is not permitted to carry passengers, so it was necessary to resort to strategy in order to secure a passage."

My only other course would have been to sail from a Chilean port by a slow-going coast freighter to Panama, and thence by the Pacific mail to San Francisco.

"I was given the position of paymaster on the Prometheus—my valet being assigned to the stewards' department!"

He then shovelled and pitched a load coming up the coast, but this did not seem to disturb my physical well-being. Captain Thalen's larder was generous. I really believe my voyage on the tanker contributed more to my health than any other part of my trip."

BIRTHDAY OF WORLD'S OLDEST TRAINER



Mr. John Osborne, now and in his younger days as a jockey, who is celebrating his 81st birthday today. He still rides his horses to exercise.

TWO QUEENS AID STRANDED ACTORS

The Queen and Queen Alexandra have subscribed £25 each towards the relief of the theatrical troupe thrown out of work by the abandonment of the projected Indian Spectacle at Earl's Court.

These generous gifts are the prompt and practical response of the two Queens to the appeal made to their sympathy on behalf of the 350 artists.

It is hoped that ready support will be extended this afternoon to the matinee performance of "The Fortune Hunter," by the author of "Brewster's Millions," which Mr. Hale Hamilton, the general manager, is giving in aid of the distressed actors and actresses.

Up to last night the relief fund stood at £176 18s. 6d.—including a contribution of £25 from Lord Curzon.

MURDER CHARGE, BUT NO BODY.

Famous Jury to Determine Fate of "Edwin Drood."

A DICKENS COURT.

Was Edwin Drood murdered? If so, by whom? Was the prisoner, John Jasper, who is charged with the crime, the guilty person?

These are the questions which the jury are to decide at the great trial which is to take place at the King's Hall, Covent Garden, to-day. The "general public" will be members of the Dickens Fellowship only.

In law no one could be charged with the murder of Drood simply because his body was never found.

The prosecution could not prove his death, or the cause of his death, without an examination of the body; and as no body was found, it cannot be said in law that he was murdered.

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood" has been keenly debated for more than forty years, and if the Judge rules to-day in spite of the absence of a body, that murder was actually committed, then the verdict may solve what is undoubtedly a most baffling problem.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton will be the judge; Mr. J. Cumming Walters and Mr. B. W. Matz, the secretary of the Dickens Fellowship, will appear for the prosecution; and Mr. C. Chesterton and Mr. W. Walter Crotch will defend Jasper.

Arthur Morrison, Sir Edward Russell, Messrs. Bertram Shaw, Max Pemberton, Cousin Kemahan, W. L. Courtney, Francesco Berger, Tom Gallon, Edwin Pugh, W. W. Jacobs, Arthur Morrison, William de Morgan, Ridgwell Cullum, Hilaine Belloc, and Raymond Fayton.

Both counsel for the prisoner have visited the crypt at Rochester where the murder is supposed to have been committed, and they took with them Bazaar girls, and some of the Dickens Fellowship.

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood" is a far greater mystery than Charles Dickens intended it to be.

The novel was only half-finished when the author died in 1870. Hence the uncertainty about Edwin Drood's fate.

WHY MURDER WAS SUSPECTED.

Edwin Drood was the young man chosen to be Rosa Bird's husband by will and bequest.

John Jasper was Edwin's uncle, trustee and guardian. He lived at Cloisterham, Rochester.

Jasper was passionately in love with Rosa and determined to prevent her marriage with Edwin.

There arrives at Cloisterham a young man named Neville Landless, and Jasper conspires to bring about quarrels between Neville and Edwin with the object, it is presumed, of throwing suspicion on Neville in the event of Edwin meeting with a violent death.

One night Edwin went away and never returned. Murder was suspected, and Neville was arrested because it was known he had quarrelled with Edwin. He was afterwards released.

That is the first part of the mystery. Was Edwin Drood dead, or did Dickens intend that he should return?

If he were dead, was he murdered and his body buried in quicklime in a crypt? Was John Jasper the murderer?

The second part of the story concerns the arrival at Cloisterham of a mysterious stranger—an old man, of no particular occupation, who makes inquiries about Edwin Drood and keeps in close touch with Jasper, whom he evidently suspects.

Who was this old gentleman, whose identity was never revealed, owing to the sudden break in the story?

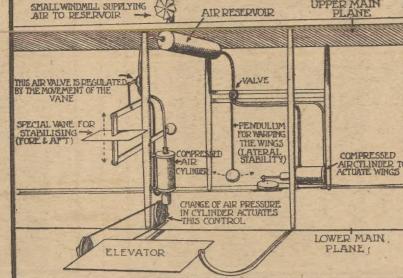
DOCTOR AS OPIUM EATER.

Dr. Edward Quigley, of Sunderland, was found by his wife yesterday morning in a dying condition, with a pipe in his mouth and a copy of De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium Eater" by his side.

At the inquest last night the medical evidence showed that death was due to opium poisoning. The widow stated that her husband had been worried and was unable to sleep.

The jury returned a verdict of Death from Miss Adventure.

THE FOOL-PROOF AEROPLANE INVENTION.



Mr. Orville Wright and a diagram explaining his wonderful new "stabiliser," which, in his own words, "renders flying as nearly fool-proof as anything can be."

TWENTY YEARS IN CHAINS

Discovery of Woman Dwarf in Barn Solves Mystery of Disappearance.

(From Our Own Correspondent)

PARIS, Jan. 6.—Hidden for twenty years in a barn and held fast by heavy chains, a woman dwarf has just been discovered on the premises of her stepmother at Olivet, near Orleans.

This sensational discovery has solved the mystery of the disappearance, twenty years ago, of Marie Euro.

On the death of her mother she was left a legacy of £2,000 a year. Shortly afterwards she disappeared and her stepmother, Mme. Euro-Robicron, a peasant woman, with her son Leon, then declared that they could throw no light on the mystery.

Now Marie Euro has been found. The discovery was dramatically made by a pedlar who called at the house.

He pushed open the door of a barn, and was horrified to see a woman in a half-dressed condition and almost reduced to a skeleton, pathetically holding out her bony hands to him for help.

He was unable to release her, as her waist was encircled with heavy chains.

The woman when set at liberty was in a pitiful state and appeared half-starved.

EXPLORER'S LETTER BAG

Boys and Girls Who Want to Go with Sir E. Shackleton.

Sir Ernest Shackleton has thus far persevered in reading all letters addressed to him, though he begins at 7.30 a.m. and does not finish sometimes till 2 p.m.

"But the task is getting almost beyond me," he said in *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, just before he left to offer his services to the British government for a breathless business visit to Birmingham, for which he allowed six hours, including the railway journeys.

"Every applicant shows a good spirit in wanting to join in at all," he said, "but, of course, some are not really suitable, and don't understand what an Antarctic expedition really is."

"Two girls of fifteen, for instance, have written saying they would like to go, as they could be useful as cooks, and a youth wants to be my footman and valet." We do our own valeting in the Antarctic!

It illustrates how the lure of the Antarctic has fascinated people of every age and class that a schoolboy should have written yesterday to Mr. E. Shackleton:

Dear Sir—May I speak to you on the South Pole? I partly need your advice. I am 11 years old and would very much like to go with you to the Polar regions. I am nearly eleven, and I should like to be cabin boy. Please to let me know if you will take me. I am strong for a boy of eleven, and should like to catch some seals and penguins. I am 4ft. 9in.—Yours truly,

Mr. Frank Wild, Sir Ernest's second in command, who partly need your advice. Please to tell me all about all people under twenty-three or over forty-five applying. Most people have no conception of what Antarctic conditions are.

"In times of blizzard you may not be able to leave your tent for weeks, and I have seen Shackleton with two pounds weight of ice hanging to his jaws."

RAND MAGNATE'S DENIAL.

Brought to this country from South Africa as a fugitive offender, Victor Wolff was remanded yesterday at Bow Street Extradition Court, charged with conspiring with Louis Cohen to commit perjury in the libel action—Sir Joseph Robinson v. Louis Cohen.

The officers alleged said Mr. Muir, the Treasurer, had been committed in an action tried in the High Court in November, 1911, which resulted in a verdict for Sir Joseph Robinson for £1,000 damages against Cohen, who had libelled Sir Joseph in a book entitled "Reminiscences of Kimberley," of which he was the author.

Sir Joseph Robinson, giving evidence, said the trial was dragged across the Vaal River because he was reputed to be an illicit diamond dealer was "a wicked and infamous deity." He had never had such a reputation.

(Photograph on page 8.)

"DIED IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS."

The wills of Captain Scott, Dr. Edward Adrien Wilson and Captain Lawrence Edward Grace Oates, of Gestingthorpe Hall, Castle Hedingham, Essex, who all perished in the Antarctic, have just been proved.

Captain Scott's estate was valued for probate at £3,231 12s. 3d., "as far as at present can be ascertained."

Dr. Wilson left estate of the net value of £965. Captain Oates, who, in the words of the grant, "died on 17th day of March, 1912, in the Antarctic regions," left estate valued for probate as of the gross value £22,821 5s. 7d., of which the net personalty has been sworn at £15,811 1s. 1d.

In his will, which is dated May 15, 1906, he leaves everything to his brother, Mr. Bryan Wilson Grace Oates, of Messing, Kelvedon, Essex.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is—Moderate light north-westerly breezes; fair and frosty; some light snow showers.

Lighting-up time, 5.56 a.m. High water at London Bridge, 9.19 a.m.

LONDON OBSERVATION: 30.91, rising briskly; temperature, 38deg.; wind, N.W.; fresh breeze; weather, fine and cold.

Sea passages will be moderate.



Picturesque "Squire".

Mr. Henry Chaplin, who has taken a hand in the Sutherland estates controversy, is quite the most picturesque figure in the House of Commons. "The Squire" is one of the last men alive to maintain something of the traditions of the Regency bucks. At the same time, he is one of the most practical politicians in the House. Even so hardened an opponent as Mr. Lloyd George has frequently indulged in generous tributes to Mr. Chaplin's constructive ability. Mr. Chaplin would probably have enjoyed even greater parliamentary success had he been of a less retiring disposition.

The Melting Pot.

Mr. Israel Zangwill is beginning the new year in a strenuous fashion. Almost every day he is conducting a rehearsal of his Jewish play, "The Melting Pot," which is to be given by the Playactors at the Court Theatre on January 25 and 26—the former date is for subscribers, the latter is for a public performance. One hears the players reeling off sentences in Yiddish to the uninited sound like gibberish. The English players are finding it hard to "get into the skin" of their Jewish parts, and when not rehearsing or dreaming that they have utterly failed in their parts they haunt Petticoat-lane, where the East End Jews do congregate.

A New Nickname.

People have found a new nickname for Sir Owen Seaman now. They call him S. O. S.

The Servant Problem.

"Our cooks—we always have three, you know—" "Three cooks?" "Oh, yes! The one that's going, the one that's coming, and the one that's here."

"Kismet" Returns.

Everyone who cares for the drama will welcome Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Asche on their return to these shores from Australia. They are going to revive "Kismet" in London, and after "Kismet" we may hope for some Shakespeare. It is in Shakespearean productions that these excellent artists are seen at their best, and it was in Shakespearean repertory with Mr. F. R. Benson's company that they learnt so much before they became London's favourites.

The Benson School.

It was a wonderful company that Mr. Benson brought with him to the Lyceum for that famous season years ago. Miss Lily Brayton used to come on and speak a few lines exquisitely, and go off again. Mr.

Ainley used to carry banners, and Mr. Oscar Asche was often content with the smallest parts. And this "no-star" system proved first-rate training. Miss Brayton is reaping the reward to-day, and so are others.

Miss Lily Brayton.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

A Well-dressed Poet.

Lord Alfred Douglas, who has had trouble with Epstein, the sculptor, is one of the few poets, perhaps the only poet, who dresses like an English gentleman. I remember once when Lord Alfred was having lunch at Simpson's, Mr. W. B. Yeats was at the next table. Mr. Yeats was all long hair, sloppy tie and velvetees. "What a contrast," said somebody. "Yes, all the difference between poetry and verse," added an admirer of Lord Alfred.

An Unsuperstitious Earl.

Earl Beauchamp, the First Commissioner of Works, obviously has no respect for the thirteen superstition. Thirteen letters form his title, and the house in the particular fashionable square he occupies is No. 13.

Stranded Actors.

The truly deplorable state of the artists who have been stranded in connection with the "Indian Spectacle" fiasco reminds me of a suggestion made some little time ago by a Labour member of Parliament. He suggested a new law under which no one could start a theatrical enterprise until they had deposited such a sum of money with some central authority as would guarantee the salaries of the employees for a stated period.

Two Sides to the Question.

There is quite a lot to be said for this scheme, but had it been operative in the past it would have changed the whole face of theatrical history. Could you count the number of theatrical managers who have started with absolutely nothing? These men under the suggested law would never have been able to enter the business.

Sam Darling, Farmer.

A great friend of his tells me that Sam Darling, the famous trainer, whose retirement from the training profession is announced, will still carry on the 1,200 acres of land which he has farmed at Beckhampton. As a breeder and exhibitor of stock, Darling has already gained numerous honours. Of the many good horses he has trained he told me when last I met him that he considers that Ard Patrick and Galtee More were the best. Both, unfortunately, were sold to Continental breeders.

Why Not Socks?

In some of the men's shops just now they are advertising "tango ties." Socks will probably follow.

No Minuet Revival.

We are told from time to time that the minuet and other stately dances are to be revived, but there appears to be no grounds whatever for the statement. A man in ordinary evening dress and a woman in the clinging sheath-like gowns of the present day would look ridiculous dancing a minuet.

A Horse Who Will Have His Way.

Charlie, who belongs to Mr. Hunter, of Wylam-on-Tyne, is a horse of almost human intelligence. He always presents himself, after his day's work, at the kitchen door to claim a piece of sugar, and then walks away to his stable. If the door is shut he raises the latch, as seen in one of the pictures.

SIR E. WARD TO RETIRE.

Mr. Reginald Brade, K.C.B., to Become Permanent Under-Secretary for War.

Colonel Sir Edward Ward, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for War, is to retire shortly, and, it was officially announced last night, will be succeeded by Mr. Reginald Herbert Brade, K.C.B.

Sir Edward Ward has reached his sixtieth year, when military and civil servants can resign or decide to work for life more years, as they choose. He has held his present post since 1901, and was elevated to the rank of baronet in the New Year's Honours List.

Entering the Army in 1874, he distinguished himself in the Sudan (1885) and Ashanti (1895) expeditions. He was Assistant Adjutant-General at Ladysmith during the Boer War, where his organising abilities earned him the title of "the best commissariat officer since Moses."

Mr. Reginald Brade, the new Secretary, was born in 1864.

He entered the War Office as a clerk in the Higher Division of the Civil Service in 1884, and was later private secretary to the Under-Secretary for War from 1892 to 1896.

Then he became Secretary to the War Office Council, and since 1906 has been Secretary and Registrar of the Distinguished Service Order.

(Photograph on page 9.)

Countess Tiepolo, who shot her husband, an ordinary officer, at San Remo, says a Rome telegram, will be charged with murder.

Why "Greatest"?

Has Miss Alice Lloyd got her sister Marie's permission to describe herself on enormous posters in Montreal as "England's greatest singing comedienne"? What is the secret of her unrivalled popularity in that city, where so many English artists fail to go down?

The Kingway Crush.

There is every likelihood that Mr. Dick Burge will succeed in his efforts to bring Bombardier Wells and Bandsman Blake together. If so, the match will probably be staged at the London Opera House. What a night that will be in Kingsway!

Miss Millar's New Year Resolution.

The time-honoured custom of making New Year resolutions dies very hard. Miss Gertie Millar was telling me the other day that the resolution she has made for 1914 is "never to be down-hearted." "If one gets down-hearted everything seems to go wrong," she said, "and life appears to be bereft of half its joys. The saying 'Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone,' is very, very true—as many of us, I fear, have found out to our cost." By the way, you mustn't be surprised if in the not very remote future you find Miss Gertie Millar back in her own home—the Gaiety Theatre.

Smoke Without Fire.

There might easily have been a panic at the Palladium the other night. A spectator dropped a lighted cigarette into his overcoat, and as a result a box of matches exploded. There was plenty of smoke—but no fire. Anyhow, it is fortunate the incident did not take place at the children's matinee of minstrels.

About the Browning Hall.

The Browning Hall, Walworth, to which a number of Browning relics have been presented by the poet's daughter-in-law, was formerly an Independent chapel. In this chapel Robert Browning, whose parents were members of the congregation, was baptised. In 1906 a memorial tablet was placed in the gallery close to the pew where the Browning family used to sit, and a bust of the poet was unveiled on the same occasion.

The Threatened Clubs.

If the whispered campaign against London's new and highly respectable night clubs really materialises those who interest themselves in the defence may well call attention to the degree of licence enjoyed by some of the working men's "political" clubs. These latter establishments certainly enjoy a very large measure of freedom.

An English Eccentricity.

If the night clubs are attacked they will be attacked by people who have never visited them. That is always the way in England.

A Hostess-Genius.

Who is the most popular hostess to-day in the social world? The question has been put by a correspondent with an inquiring type of mind. In answer I can only suggest the name of Lady St. Helier. Certainly no other hostess of the present age has a more comprehensive circle of friends or wider interests. As a hostess she has done some remarkable things, promoted friendships that will one day have an historic significance and set an indelible mark upon most phases of the life we live—simply by bringing the right people together.

Poetry and the Stock Exchange.

A well-known Old Broad-street firm of stockbrokers introduce a new note into their weekly business circulars by quoting Goethe. It takes more than poetry, however, to arouse interest in the present markets.

Tango Lads.

When the tango dies what will happen to all the strange young men who are now floating or dancing on the crest of the boom. As tangists the strange young men are enjoying social advantages now of a kind that they certainly never experienced before. But when the tango goes—they will go, too.

Eggs at the Theatre.

In Harrison, U.S.A., eggs have become so scarce that they are being used as a medium of exchange. Not only are they acceptable for payment at grocery stores and mercantile establishments, but also at the moving picture theatres. One egg admits a minor and two one adult.

What Would You Rather Do Than—

Ask a lady in the stalls to remove her hat? Decline an invitation to stay with mother-in-law?

Pass a snarling watch-dog? Try to find someone in a crowded "lounge"? Wear a bright new suit for first time? Make an important speech, having lost notes?

Wait in a dentist's ante-chamber? Pay a taxi-driver the exact fare? Pose for a photograph? Meet your wife's aunts for the first time? Endeavour to realise money on an old motor-car?

Listen to a brother attempting to sing in public?

A Serious Man.

Mr. Granville Barker, who wants a thousand promises of £25 a year for three years in connection with his repertory theatre proposals, is almost too serious a young man to be an actor. Like his friend,

Mr. G. B. Shaw, he is a vegetarian who believes in high thinking and plain living. As a dramatist, Mr. Barker has come into conflict with the Censor. He loves controversy.

THE RAMBLER.



Lady St. Helier.



Mr. Granville Barker.

VIOLET-FINGERED GIRL.

Police Use Coloured Powder to Trap Maid Suspected of Theft.

Violet staining powder used to detect a servant suspected of theft was mentioned at Marylebone Police Court yesterday.

Mr. William Turner, consulting surgeon of 17, Highbury Grove, Highbury, Middlesex, and Elsie Lane, twenty-four, a housemaid, was the defendant. She was charged with stealing two sovereigns from Mr. Turner's dressing-room.

Mr. Turner, giving evidence, said the girl had been in his service for about three months, and for about two months past he had been constantly losing money from his dressing-room.

In the end he consulted the police, and Detective-Inspector McPherson and Sergeant Horwell marked five sovereigns, covered them with a violet staining powder, and placed them in his sovereign case.

That night, on returning home between one and two o'clock, he left the sovereign case on a table in the dressing-room.

About eight o'clock in the morning the girl came up to tell him and pull up the blinds as usual, and informed him that when she was downstairs he went into his dressing room and found that a sovereign had been taken from the case.

He telephoned for the police, and on the girl being called upstairs he found that her fingers were marked with the violet staining powder.

Sergeant Horwell said Lane handed him the missing marked coin, and asked, "If I give you this back will you let me go?"

She was remanded.

FREE—100,000 PARIS ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES OF DAINTY FRENCH LINGERIE AT CONVENT PRICES.

Paris Cut and Chic Underwear, Blouses and Laces at Astonishing Bargain Prices — $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ Below Usual.

EXTRAORDINARY interest was aroused among English ladies of refined tastes by the recent announcement in "The Daily Mirror" of Caroline Convent-Made Lingerie at one-third to one-half usual prices.

Ladies who lost no time in taking advantage of the opportunity of securing such dainty underwear and blouses, for which Paris is world-famous, are delighted with their bargains. Hundreds hastened to send large repeat orders. In many cases ladies included large mixed orders from the Caroline Convent, including drawers, chemises, knickers, camisoles, blouses, &c. Not one purchaser has been disappointed. And how could they be disappointed, seeing that they secured the most beautiful and the most dainty ever blouses and lace in the world at one-third to one-half usual prices?

If ladies only knew the bargains illustrated in the Caroline Convent-made Lingerie Catalogue, there would be a tremendous rush for costumes.

The illustration is an exact copy of the latest Paris model or style—models and styles that will not be seen even in London until next season.

There are six sizes in the Catalogue, and every lady who sends for the dainty and chic Parisian and every lady

Catalogue will be charmed with the beauty of the articles illustrated, which will be astonished at the lowness of the prices. The latter, indeed, will prove a revelation of the great money-saving represented by the Caroline Convent-made Lingerie.

Address postcard (ld. stamp) or letter (2d. stamp) to

CAROLINE CONVENT-MADE LINGERIE,
24, Place Vendome, Paris, France.

Just look at these prices for the finest quality materials and needlework (Convent) in the world—

Camisole Collars	... from	1/11
Corset Covers	2/3
Mairines & Tango Caps	2/6
Chemises	3/3
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Nightdresses (dainty)	5/3
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Write to-day for one of the 100,000 Catalogues and see the best Paris fashions in blouses, dresses, and lace—copies have arrived in the Convents from expensive "Caroline" Paris models.

Every lady of refined and economical tastes will be delighted with the Caroline Convent-made Lingerie.

Address postcard (ld. stamp) or letter (2d. stamp) to

These dainty combinations in French Camisole, entirely hand-trimmed, French heading and real lace, embroidered by hand 6/11

3/11

Camisole to match
Chemise
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The Original BIEN JOLIE Brassiere

TRADE MARK

SPECIAL REDUCTIONS during our January Sale.

Ladies desirous of observing Fashion's mandate without sacrificing refinement will find the new BIEN JOLIE Brassiere the very thing to wear over the stylish low-bust corsets now in vogue. Gives an unbroken line from shoulders to waist. Entirely supersedes the old-fashioned camisole.

GIVE
BUST
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BRASSIERES
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BIEN JOLIE

STYLE 618. The Brassiere advertised in the "Daily Mail" of Dec. 8, at 4/11. Sale Price 3/11
STYLE 621. Round Neck. Regular price 6/11. Sale Price 4/11

STYLE 626. Same quality as Style 618, but with square Neck. Regular price, 4/11. Sale Price 3/11
STYLE 613. Round Neck. Regular price 6/11. Sale Price 4/11

STYLE 621. Square Neck. Regular price 5/11. Sale Price 5/11

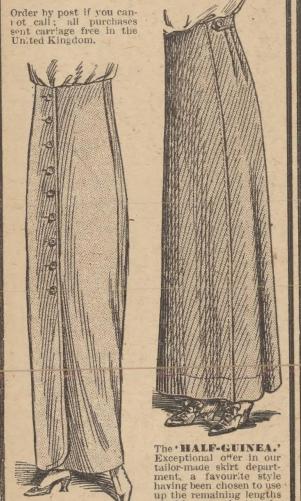
Above prices POST FREE. In ordering Brassieres, give Bust measure.

**Frederick Gorrige, Ltd.,
Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.**

**Skirt Bargains
at
Peter Robinson's
Winter Sale**

OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

Order by post if you can't call; all purchases sent carriage free in the United Kingdom



The "SOVEREIGN." The latest wrap-over skirt made in the remaining lengths of this season's best tweeds, homespuns, suitings, &c. Several sizes. Width 35 1/2 inches. All at one price 20/-

Originally 15/6, 21/-
Sale Price 10/6
Peter Robinson Ltd.

WALLIS'S GREATEST WINTER SALE CONTINUED.

No need to "hunt" for Bargains at Wallis's Sale — there's nothing but Bargains here.

THOS. WALLIS & CO., LTD., Holborn Circus, E.C.



Help To Fill The Money Box

By saving money on your boot-bills — by wearing Wood-Milne Heels or Tips. A postman walked 1,200 miles on one pair of Wood-Milnes, and still they had some wear in them! Think what he saved. Now, what about YOU?

WOOD-MILNE RUBBER HEELS AND TIPS.

Sold in many varieties and at various prices, by Boot Dealers everywhere.
N.B.—If you golf try the "White Chief," a wonderful two-shillingworth

Here's a treat!



Sweets are good for everybody—but the sweets must be pure. The Toffee Toffee! Sharp's Kreemy Toffee is just the purest and most nourishing sweetmeat you can buy. In addition, it has a delicious flavour which you don't get with any other toffee—not even the best of them.

Sharp's Kreemy Toffee

(Regd.)
Kreemy Works, Maidstone.

NEWEST, PUREST, & BEST OF ALL.

RESTORE THE VOICE WITH

EVANS' PASTILLES

Invaluable for Throat & Voice
Feed penny stamp to Sample to the
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Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1914.

FATAL ARGUMENT.

THE middle-aged man was indulging in the distracting habit of reading out bits of the newspaper to the family and commenting upon them, and, in the course of his survey, he came upon the announcement that John Jasper is to be tried for the murder of Edwin Drood, by a group of more or less literary persons, at King's Hall.

Whereupon he put the question: "Shall we never escape from Edwin Drood, I wonder?"

Somebody answered: "I wish we could. We are all sick of it. I wish to goodness poor Dickens had lived to finish the book, and so to finish all those who insist upon writing or talking about it. Why do people talk about it? Dickens is dead, isn't he? Well, then, how on earth can we guess what was or was not in his mind? He might have altered his mind. It is insoluble, and it is absurd to get into an argument about Edwin Drood."

"Besides," said somebody else, "there is no mystery. Dickens told Forster how the book was going to end."

"That's no proof," said the middle-aged man. "Forster was not always accurate, and he might have been inaccurately reporting Dickens's words. Besides, Dickens may have been pulling his leg."

A young man broke in: "In other words, you assert that Dickens was a liar?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, then, you mean that Forster was a liar?"

"I don't."

"Then what do you mean?"

The middle-aged man went to the bookcase, picked out a case made into the form of a book, and out of the case brought a number of the green-covered parts of the original issue of "Drood."

"Look at that," he said, and pointed to the picture on the cover, which shows Drood in the vault, facing the lantern of Jasper.

"Well," said several voices, "what does that prove?"

"It proves Edwin Drood wasn't murdered."

"What rot! That figure is Edwin Drood's ghost."

The middle-aged man sighed in extreme exasperation. "Do you mean to tell me," he said, "that Dickens would have been such a fool, such a driveller, as to make Drood turn into a ghost?"

The young man's voice rose up again: "You began by calling Dickens a liar, and now you are calling him a driveller and a fool. Can you not be more respectful to Dickens?"

The middle-aged man was growing a perilously purplish colour. He had none of youth's cool cynicism: he had the ardour of advancing years. And he continued: "Drood's ghost? The ghost of Drood? Ha! Don't! Don't make me laugh! Respect for Dickens? Ghosts wandering about vaults! How funny!"

"Not a bit funny—to those who've read the 'Christmas Carol.' Ever heard of Marley's ghost?"

"I think I read Dickens before you were born."

"What a pity you've forgotten him. Read him again."

There was an awkward pause.

Then a woman's appealing voice was heard. "Aren't we getting into another argument about Edwin Drood?" it said.

W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."**WHO SEES GHOSTS?**

WHAT a funny theory—that ghosts are only "impressions left on the furniture, etc., of the houses that inhabited!"

What about the ghosts one sees in the garden and out in the open air?

I say: "one" sees—but I have often seen a ghost in the garden of an old manor house I know—the ghost of a monk who died three centuries ago.

Surely rather a long time for an impression to be left on matter!

A BELIEVER.
Near Guildford.

THE DAILY MIRROR" OVERSEAS.

THE letter of your correspondent, C. A. J., prompts me to inform you that for over three years I have sent six *Daily Mirrors* weekly to my son in Suan, Korea (two days' journey by road from Pzeng Yang), the nearest railroad station, where they are much appreciated by the assembled colony. This probably is a record for distance.

A. J. L.
Chichester.

HORRIBLE LANGUAGE.

SEEING the various letters in *The Daily Mirror* relating to the "horrible" language used by Army officers brings to my mind a delightful story I heard some years ago.

During a military review at which a certain exalted personage—I think the story gives it as the Duke of Connaught—was to take the salute, the colonel commanding—a very hot-tempered man

THE NEW IDEAL.

What the Twentieth Century Woman Expects in Men.

AS women become more "emancipated," they become ruder and ruder. It is very likely then that their ideals about men will change.

My own impression is that women will increasingly favour those weak men who, after marriage, let their wives follow their own sweet will and do exactly as they like.

L. N.
Wellbeck-street.

WOMEN don't fall in love with ideals. They prefer ordinary human beings. Which is men. When I was a girl I had my ideals—fairy princesses and the like—but other girls had and have. But when I met a very ordinary youth aged eighteen I fell in love with him at once.

I did not marry him—for I was only seventeen. We exchanged undying vows. Then he went away. I forgot all about him and his about me. I was soon in love again with another ordinary man—this time a man over thirty. I married him, and we were very happy, till he died three years ago. But all through it was not an ideal I loved, but an ordinary man.

I should say that the qualities women most like in men is manliness and the sense of protection and they get from it.

G. F.
Thurloe-square.

THE twentieth century woman, says one of your correspondents, does not like a man who flirts.

I have not found it so, and I am considered "a great flirt."

M. E.
Thurloe-square.

BIG, strong, handsome men full of masculine vigour and energy are no longer the ideal type of manhood from a woman's eyes.

The modern girl is so up-to-date and masculine herself—thanks to the way in which she is educated nowadays. So it is only the quiet, shy reserved kind of man that interests her.

ST. JOHN.

I CORDIALLY agree with the views of your correspondent who desires a more sane and wholesome comradeship between men and women, without any ulterior motive, and even with expenses paid.

Men and women need the best from one another in every attitude of culture and fair judgment, as well as for any other reason.

If a warmer feeling should arise it will be a finer thing because of the honest comradeship, and if none arises—and why should it in most cases?—no harm has been done and probably none good.

No regard marriage as always desirable is deplorable. It is at its best too sacred a relationship to be looked on so lightly.

YOUNG IRISHWOMAN.

TO-DAY'S DINNER-TABLE TOPICS.

Was Edwin Drood murdered? Who was Datchery? Don't! or please do, if you love Dickens.

Whether you think the average Twentieth Century woman has a new, or Twentieth Century, idea about men. Or whether she is still all that. And is an ideal in such matters ever realised? Please send us your views on this subject.

Women—middle-aged—subject recently revived. Aren't they, in small towns, the vilest in the world? Your motoring or other experiences.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 6.—Lady Battersea and Gustave Regis are two roses that deserve to be extremely popular. Both produce beautiful buds and both are reliable varieties. Lady Battersea has a long cherry-carmine bud that is delightful for cutting; it opens well in the bad weather. A bed of this variety is always welcome.

Gustave Regis is a much stronger grower and can either be grown in standard form or trained against a pillar or an arch. The colour is canary yellow, tinted saffron, and this kind, too, is exquisite in the bud state.

E. F. T.

FROM AN ATTIC WINDOW.

Poor Fancy's starving! Who will buy

His magic mirror? Come, draw nigh;

Reflect there, your eyes shall see

The whole bright world in phantasy.

There are more sights in Fancy's glass

Than beauties in the world that pass;

There are more sounds in old Spain;

There are shells upon the wild sea main,

Or serenades sung in Provence.

Or memories in a high romance—

Sold for a song's worth—Poets, buy!

Poor Fancy's starving, and will die.

—EDITH SITWELL.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Sooner or later our life will come to an end, and then the question for each one will be, "What has come to an end?"—Maudlin Creighton.

MAKING THE EMBRYO BLUEJACKET STRONG AND HEALTHY.



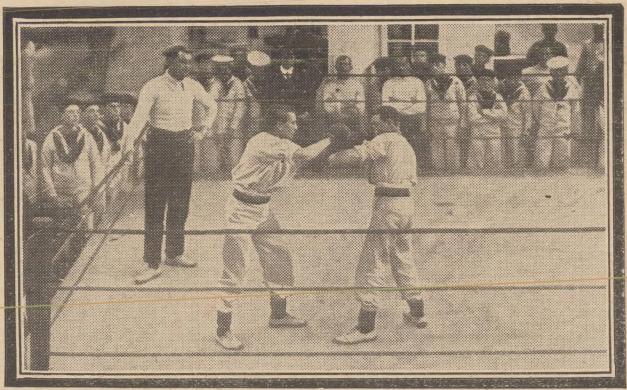
Leg and arm exercises on deck.



Learning to swim in a tank.



Learning how to climb a rope.



In the ring. Boxing is very popular with the boys.



Jumping over the vaulting horse.

To-day we see the budding bluejackets who are being schooled for the Navy on old warships at Devonport a stage further in their careers. The pictures illustrate the comprehensive physical training the value of which it would be impossible to exaggerate. A sailor

who cannot swim is unthinkable, but the lads take to the water as readily as the duck and after a few lessons on land are introduced to the tank, where, to begin with, they are supported by slings or water-wings.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

THEIR FACES AND VOICES EXACTLY ALIKE.



Miss Mary McFarland.

Miss Marie McFarland.

Twin sisters who are well-known operatic and concert singers in the United States. Not only is it difficult to tell them apart, but their beautiful soprano voices are exactly alike. Unless you can see them you cannot tell when one stops singing and the other begins.

SKI-ING AT SEVENTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR.



A 30-metre ski jump at Chamonix. From the spot where the jumper starts to his impetus to where he comes to a "telemark" spot in the snow (after gliding a terrific pace over the surface) is about a quarter of a mile, and takes two seconds.—(Horace W. Nicholls.)

WOMEN WHO WEAR KITCHEN GARDENS ON THEIR HEADS.



Tempting the donkey.



The string of onions.



The pot herb hat.

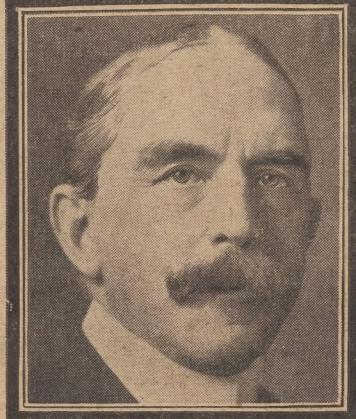
Men's hats are now being trimmed with various vegetables. It was bound to come, pert in millinery says. Rare and refreshing fruits in the shape of cherries, grapes

and apples have frequently been fashionable in the past, so why not vegetables? They are, indeed, the only logical successors.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

GIRLS WHO MANAGE A FARM.



SIR E. WARD RETIRING.

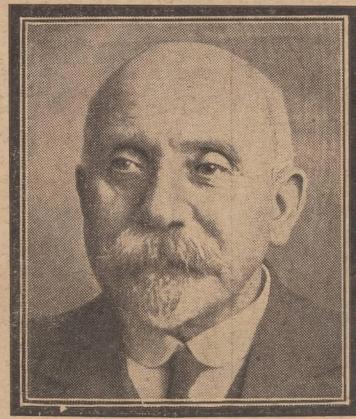


Colonel Sir Edward Ward, Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the War Office, who is retiring. He has been described as "the best commissariat officer since Moses."—(Swaine.)

PRINCESS'S MAGIC FETE.



MILLIONAIRE'S ACTION SEQUEL.



Mr. Victor Wolf, brought from South Africa on a charge of perjury in connection with a case in which Sir Joseph Robinson obtained damages for libel some time ago.



Misses Payne, of Long Buckby, are sisters who have proved very capable of managing a farm. They are horse dealers as farmers, and find it a very pleasant occupation. In the photographs they are seen at work on the farm



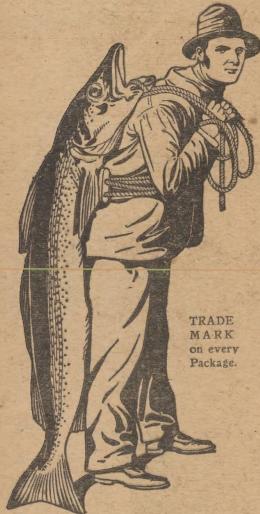
Princess Bariatinsky giving presents at the magic fete at the Ambassadors' Theatre yesterday to over 200 child readers of *The Daily Mirror*. In the lower picture is seen one of the Russian gipsy children who sang.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

S. & B., Ltd

A grand builder-up.

If building up meant solely the formation of fatty tissue many preparations could claim to be equal to SCOTT'S. But, if building up means the strengthening and developing of every part of the body—no preparation can justly claim such a long and world-wide record as a builder-up of delicate men, women, children and babies.

"My little girl had a very nasty cough, refused all nourishment, and was only being kept alive on brandy and the white of egg. In a week's time after commencing SCOTT'S, she was putting on flesh and her arms and legs were much firmer. She has had no relapse. I am most thankful that I gave SCOTT'S Emulsion a trial." (Signed) Mrs. Mabel Philpot, 26 Archbishop's Place, Brixton Hill, S.W. 23/1/13.



TRADE
MARK
on every
Package.

SCOTT'S Emulsion

Inferior imitations and cod liver oils of uncertain quality lead to disappointment, if not despair. Therefore, ask for SCOTT'S.—See the fishman on the package and refuse inferior imitations if offered for the sake of extra profit.

185

MACKINTOSH'S

The cold weather
Sweet.

TOFFEE deLUXE

NEURALGIA

CURED INSTANTLY BY
BUNTER'S

Toothache Headache,
and all Nerve Pains
removed by Bunter's
Nervine. All Chemists 1/-
"As a specific for toothache it has no equal. I have
used it successfully for years"—Prof. W. Wilson, M.D.

NERVINE

No. 7.—Mottoes for Dog-Owners.

"A Mollet in the dog
is worth two in the shop."

THE LITTLE BROWN BISCUITS Molleis

The Molassine Co., Ltd.
(Dept. R.), Greenwich, London.

FREE SAMPLE

Sold
Everywhere
2½ lb.



An Urgent Message for To-day!

IMPORTANT SALE OF £4,500 WORTH OF BEAUTIFUL SCOTCH SPORTS COATS 4 DAYS ONLY.

To-day, To-morrow, Friday and Saturday,
the entire Stock of Greensmith Downes'

FAMOUS "ALBA" SPORTS COATS

AT SALE PRICES.

These Sports Coats, which are the Finest in the World, are
real Scotch manufacture, and are made from very rare
qualities of Wool.

They cannot be procured elsewhere!

REDUCED PRICE LIST.

IN MODEL "A" (as illustration).

In Kashlano	Usual Price 15/-	Sale Price 13 11
In Kashmaar	25/-	19 6
In Double Texture Kashmaar—beautifully warm—with or without contrasting borders	Usual Price 35/-	Sale Price 25/-

IN MODEL "G" (as illustration, but with high neck and roll collar).

In Kashlano	Usual Price 22 6	Sale Price 15 11
In Kashmaar	29 6	22 11

IN MODEL "C" (as illustration, but with step collar).

In Kashlano	Usual Price 25/-	Sale Price 19 6
In Kashmaar	35/-	28 11
In Double Texture Kashmaar	42 6	32 6

ALL GOODS SENT POST FREE.

N.B.—The "Kashlano" is a mixture of pure Indian Cashmere and Finest
Wool. "Kashmaar" is pure Indian Cashmere.

The very best coat for Skiing, Skating, Badminton, Golf, for an extra
wrap under an ordinary jacket, or morning wear at home—supply warmth with-
out weight and always look smart. Supplied in White, Black and all Colours.
Orders dealt with personally. Payment to be made before delivery. Returns
will be accepted, but will be at once exchanged or the money returned if not
suitable. Patterns sent if required, but the delay may lose you the chance of a
Bargain, as the demand is very great.

*A First and Last Chance of procuring these Goods at Reduced Prices.
Write to-day to*

GREENSMITH DOWNES & SON
145, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH



Wake up your Lazy Liver

Get rid of Constipation—stop moping around,
and get some vim, vigor and vitality into you.

CARTER'S Little Liver PILLS

quickly act on liver, stomach and bowels, and chase away
despondency and lassitude. Millions use them. You ought to.



Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.
The GENUINE must bear signature

Brent Good

Rest and Comfort

for the mother and health
for the baby, follow the
use of the "Allenburys
Foods. They resemble healthy human
milk, in composition, nutritive
value and digestibility. Babies fed on the Allenburys Foods
invariably thrive well.

The Allenburys' Foods

MILK FOOD No. 1
From birth to 3 months

MILK FOOD No. 2
From 3 to 6 months

MALT FOOD No. 3
From 6 months upwards

Pamphlet "Infant Feeding and Management" sent free.

ALLEN & HANBURY'S LTD., 37, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.

THE PAGE THAT HAS SOMETHING EVERY DAY FOR EVERY WOMAN.

**BUSINESS GIRL'S LIFE
ON £1 A WEEK.**

How to Stock a "Kitchen"—Some Easily Prepared and Nutritious Dishes.

FACING THE DRESS PROBLEM.

I promised in my article here last Wednesday on a business girl's life in London on £1 a week to try and give some helpful suggestions to the girl who decides to take an unfurnished room and to do everything for herself.

The great thing is to minimise the work, and nothing helps more in this than a settled plan of action with everything in its place.

One part of the room should be screened off as a "kitchen." All that is absolutely necessary to start with is a strong table with a large iron tray on one half. On this should be arranged a griddle and saucer. An orange box, purchased for a few pence and stood on end, makes an excellent cupboard. The partitions forming shelves for plates, cups and saucers, etc., and the various groceries needed.

Two saucepans should be got to commence with, a small frying pan (3d.), two pudding basins, penny pepper pot, salt ditto, flour box (6d.), and a brown earthen casserole pot, which can also be purchased for 6d.; paste-board (6d.), rolling pin (2d.).

DINNERS AT 7d.

Now for some recipes for nutritious and easily prepared dishes, after the successful carrying out of which many more, equally good and simple, will readily suggest themselves to the intelligent mind of the girl determined to succeed "off her own bat." Here is the first:

Get a sheep's heart, cut into four pieces after well washing, dice each piece into a plate into which has been mixed a little flour, sweet herbs, pepper and salt, lay the pieces in a shallow dish, add sufficient water to nearly cover, place a saucer over, and simmer slowly for one hour in a saucepan of water. At the half hour cut some bacon and lardons and add to the gravy. The bacon and lardons will be found well steamed when the meat is finished. The meat will be very tender with rich gravy; and steak, gipps or any pieces of meat are equally good cooked in this way.

At the same time, some vegetables or butter beans that have been soaking twelve hours can be cooked in the other saucepan, adding no seasoning.

Custard—Heart, 4d.; beans or vegetable, 1d.; potatoes, 1d.; sweet herbs, 1d. (enough to last winter); total, 7d.

This batch will be found plentiful.

Get a fresh haddock, clean and fill with sweet stuffing, tie round head to tail, and lay at the bottom of the pudding-basin or a strainer, and simmer for an hour. Boil potato separately and add custard can be steamed in the same potato saucer.

Custard—Haddock, 3d.; potatoes, 1d.; egg, 1d.; milk, 1d.; breadcrumbs, 1d.; total, 7d. A very good portion of the custard will be needed for the stuffing, and the rest will make the custard.

Custard—Potatoes, 1d.; tomatoes, 2d.; apples, 2d.; carrots, 1d.; onions, 1d.; fat, 1d.; the trimming of chops, cut the tomatoes in slices or halves and fry put on the hot plate and pour off the superfluous fat, and while the pan is very hot put the carrots in, then the onions and the potatoes are being cooked. Potatoes can be boiled at the same time, or some extra may be cooked the day before and fried with the tomatoes.

LITTLE EXTRAS BY SAVING.

As the first two dishes cost 2d. each less than the 9d. allowed, it will be seen a small bottle of sauce can be purchased.

Kidneys, 3d.; bacon 2d.; butter beans 1d. Fry the kidneys off and add to the fat, and cook the kidneys slowly till done. Boil the butter beans. Total cost, 6d.

Custard of naked shrimps 1d.; milk 1d.; potatoes 1d.; butter, 1d.; boiled ham 1d.; in making the custard, mix a couple of flour and milk to which a piece of butter is added. Peel the shrimps and drop in when the sauce is cooked. Boiled potatoes. Total cost, 6d.

If a hasty meal is required, cold joints of all kinds are readily procurable. With tomatoes, bread and cheese a palatable good meal can quickly be made. Where the steamed dishes of meat are required it will be found a great advantage to cook them overnight, or, if put on directly on getting up, they will only need warming up at night, which is accomplished while the cloth is being laid and the fire lighted.

DRESS ON £7 16s. A YEAR.

The dress allowance certainly presents difficulties that can only be overcome by thought and care and by making everything possible. But now that patterns are so clearly defined, and so many perfectly simple directions given, well-made frocks are well within the reach of all at a tremendous saving.

I would suggest the following way of spending the £7 16s. per year, which is all that can be squandered out of the weekly pound:

Winter	E	s	d	Summer	E	s	d
Gown	1	16	0	Skirt	6	12
Shoes	6	12	0	Hats	6	12
Hat	7	6	0	Shoes	4	11
7	6	0	7	6	0	4	11
Blouse	5	0	0	Best frock	15	6
Corslets	4	12	0	Best blouse	4	0
Gloves	2	0	0	Silk stockings	3	0
Underwear	12	0	0	Hankiechiefs	3	0
Underwear	5	0	0	Cottons etc.	3	0
Coat and skirt	5	0	0	Oldmuds	3	0
(bought at sale)	1	5	0	Oldmuds	3	11

£7 16 0

It will be seen that 9s. is allowed for blouses. These must be made at home, and will allow of one Jap silk, two delaine, one silk. For the best dress—

Four yards of material at 2s. 6d.	5	d.
Lace or trimmings	2	0
Buttons (silk covered)	2	8
Silk for sash and bonnet, 1yd. at 2s. 6d.	2	9
Hooks, buttons, etc.	1	5
	15	6

If a machine is not owned, a little will have to be taken from the "oddments" for the occasional hire of one, or the principal stitching can be put out for so much a yard.

In the next article I hope to show what a good appearance can be made on 30s. per week. K. C.

A CAREER 'WORTH WHILE'

Actress Who Would Rather Be Wedded to Company Director Than to Art.

Women who have shown great ability in business and the professions are very numerous in the United States, but a remarkably large proportion of them think their success in occupations outside the home is not "worth while."

The case of Miss Mary Bell, chosen to arbitrate in an important Government action against some

powerful business combinations,

was described in *The Daily Mirror* a few days ago. She intended to give up her career on marriage.

Now Miss Chrystal Herne, who is at present leading lady in a play at New York, has been unbending her mind.

"If I were permitted to have my own way and could order my life along lines and curves that appeal to my womanhood every day and make me debut as a happy bride-to-morrow,

"I would like to marry a man largely interested

in a consolidated or amalgamated something or other, who attends important meetings of directors and gives his opinions on the outlook for trade, and at important civic dinners has a place at the guests' table under the folds of the flag and makes speeches. As the wife of such a man and with a number of children I would feel that life was worth while."

All this talk about young women of the stage being wedded to their art is a variety of bun-



Miss Chrystal Herne.

London, THE CITY OF HAT SHOPS.

Huge Change from Days When Women All Wore Same Kind of Hat.

"THE FASHION" BOGY.

London is rapidly becoming a city of hat shops. During the last three years the number of establishments dealing exclusively with women's headwear has more than doubled in the West End of London, while, if the suburbs and outlying districts from Golders Green to Croydon be included, there are now five hat shops for every one that existed in 1908.

Even the Strand now has its dainty little hat shop. In more feminine thoroughfares the following are the numbers of new millinery establishments:—Oxford street and New Oxford-street, 8; Regent-street (at extensions), 2; Bond-street, 3;

The reason for this remarkable change in the character of London's shops was given to *The Daily Mirror* by an Albermarle-street hat designer.

ENGLISH TASTE ASSERTS ITSELF.

"The average London woman with any pretensions to being well-dressed—quite apart from her station in life—is now spending as much as one-fourth of her dress income on hats," she said.

"A few years ago the words 'Paris hats' meant everything to us English. She never even bothered to examine the shape. The fact that it came from Paris was quite enough."

"But there has been a steady improvement of taste among English girls. At last they have

"DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTIES—NO. 62.

Do these features recall some pleasant evening at the theatre? Portraits of beautiful women are appearing daily in this series, and readers are left to guess their identity. Sometimes they are on the stage, sometimes not.

Prizes of £10 and 100 books will be awarded to those sending in the most complete lists

of names of the originals, with the best summary of their merits, at the end of the twenty-six weeks during which the pictures appear. —(Dover-street Studios.)

awakened to the fact that they have the best complexions and figures in the world, and that there is not the slightest justification for being slovenly. And the first step in that educative movement has been directed to hats.

Now the average French hat does not suit an Englishwoman. French hats have ruined the Frenchwoman's delicate complexion, alighted by the dress of Paris fashion, to a pasty creamy or conion of face. The result is that the little French hat, full of eccentricities, looks a hideous sight on the head of an English girl, although it suits quite well the Parisienne.

ALL HAD TO BUY SAME TYPE.

"What the modern Englishwoman looks for in a hat is extreme simplicity and individuality. The latter is perhaps the most remarkable revolution in English ways.

"As a matter of fact, there is really no such thing nowadays as a 'fashionable hat,' although there are certain tendencies which have to be observed by women who would be in the fashion.

"Think how different it would only be a decade ago. Then there were different types of hats.

"Nowadays there is hardly a little fair to which a Parisian girl does not go, and she wears a hat to match her dress. The result was that walking along the streets one never noticed a woman's hat. They were all alike.

"Nowadays a walk from Oxford-street to Bond-street any fine morning is a real pleasure. It is the rarest thing in the world to find two women wearing identical hats.

THESE WHO ARE HIT.

"It is not, however, every branch of the hat-making industry that is prospering. The exclusive millinery establishments, where hats are specially designed for customers and where minimum prices are £5s. and 26s., have had a bad time of it. The reason is that the great stores and the innumerable hat shops have revolutionised the trade.

"At one time the grande dame would never have thought of a hat from the stores. To-day it is only the few who have hats specially designed for themselves by their special milliner at extravagant prices."

B. D.

INDIGESTION**A Famous Physician's Remedy**

Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges are made solely by Savory and Moore, of New Bond-street, who strongly recommend them for all forms of Indigestion.

"With great pleasure I add my testimony to that of others who have taken Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges and derived great benefit from their use. My powers of digestion seem really strengthened, and the distressing Flatulence from which I suffered is greatly relieved."

"Miss B.—tried the Absorbent Lozenges and found they gave relief in an attack of ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH when the usual indigestion treatment had failed. Further supplies obtained locally led gradually to a complete cure."

"I found Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges wonderfully beneficial in preventing a SINKING FAINT FEELING which I think is described as HUNGER PAIN. I have suffered much from this, but since taking the lozenges have felt quite a different person."

"I was so much surprised at the good effects of the sample box you were good enough to send me that I procured others. The relief has been very remarkable."

"I suffered very much from HEARTBURN AND ACIDITY, and your remedy has been wonderful in relieving this, and consequently curing the almost incessant sleeplessness I suffered from."

Boxes 1s., 1½s., 2s., 9d., and 4s. 6d., of all chemists.

A FREE TRIAL BOX

of the lozenges will be sent to all who write, enclosing 1d. for postage and mentioning "The Daily Mirror," to Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to the King, 143a, New Bond-st., London.

**GIRLS! GIRLS! TRY IT,
BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR,**

Make it thick, glossy, wavy, luxuriant and remove all dandruff.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant, and appears as soft, lustrous, and beautiful as a young girl's after a "Dandrine hair cleanse." Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Dandrine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil, and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair.

Besides beautifying the hair at once, Dandrine divides every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, for ever stopping itching and falling hair.

But what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use when you actually see new hair—fine and downy—grow—yes—but renew hair growing all over the scalp. If you grow pretty, soft hair, and lots of it, get a 1s. 1d. bottle of Dandrine from any Chemist, and just try it.—(Advt.)

HOW TO GET FAT AND BE STRONG

The trouble with most thin folks who wish to gain weight is that they insist on dragging their stomach with tonics, or by stuffing it with greasy foods, or by guzzling ale, stout or milk. Such methods are not safe.

It is impossible to get fat until your digestive tract assimilates the food you eat. If your assimilative organs are right you will get fat by eating even the plainest of food.

If you want to gain 15lb. or 20lb. of good, healthy flesh in as many days without trouble or annoyance, get about 2s. 6d. worth of ordinary Sargol tablets from your chemist, and never stop with every meal. Your appetite will be diminished to such an extent you will start to fatten up.

Don't waste any more time or money on patent Flesh Foods, or in following some foolish diet system. Sargol by its regenerative power enables the stomach to literally soak up the fattening elements of your food, and pass them into the blood where they are carried to every starved, broken-down cell and tissue of your body.

You may eat what you like, and when you like because it will enable you to get fat and be strong because it will enable you to get all the strength and fat-making elements from the food you eat.

No matter how thin you are, or what the cause of your thinness is from, you should give this prescription a week's trial, and find out for yourself on your chemist's scales that you are putting on weight at the rate of nearly a pound a day.—(Advt.)

No More Grey Hair

You can easily avoid that most disgusting sign of age—grey hair—by using VALENTINE'S EXTRACT

which imparts a natural color, light brown or black, and makes the hair soft and glossy. It is a perfect, clean, and harmless stain, washes and lasting. One bottle will last a year, and it is non-oily, non-smoking. Does not soil the pillow. Price (securely packed) 1s., 2s., and 5s. per bottle. By post, 3s. extra.

Mrs. Valentine's, 143a, New Bond-st., London, E.C.

SERIAL.

THE PRIOR CLAIM.

By EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE

CHAPTER XXVIII.

NEXT morning Renée departed for Paris in the company of Miss Maitland. A true bohemian and utterly reckless of the conventions, she troubled herself not at all as to her companion's antecedents or exact social position. These things did not weigh with Lady Pomfret. She was deeply grateful to the strange girl for her timely assistance; she liked her, but treated her as one who had evidently suffered and was in some homesick and friendless. The faint suspicion of vulgarity or commonness clinging to Miss Maitland, she was confident would very soon wear off in her company.

About her financial position the brown-haired girl at least was quite frank. She had a small but sufficient income, her hold-on which she once confessed was precarious; but it was not the least pretension on her part to equality of expenses or style of living with the baronet's aristocratic wife. Thereafter they travelled the road where the two girls seemed drawn to each other, and the more Renée craved for a friend. They had not spent a day together in Paris before she invited Miss Maitland to accompany her to Italy at her entire expense—a proposal which the brown-haired girl accepted with unfeigned delight.

They remained long enough in Paris for Renée to equip herself and her companion with a complete and inexpensive outfit—suitcases, a compass, from her banker in London. She did not write to Gladys Alban. She knew that a letter from Lambert would certainly be lying by her friend to be forwarded, and she desired to have no communication at all with him till she was much further from London. During their stay she remarked that her companion avoided the Latin Quarter, with which she had professed herself to be familiar. This merely confirmed Renée's suspicion that Miss Maitland was not the girl's real name, and that she was not exactly in a position to look the world straight in the face. The further both girls travelled from England the higher rose their spirits.

Renée was the more communicative of the two. Lying in her sleeping berth, her hands clasped behind her head, while the big express rocked and roared its way through the darkness, she told her companion lying opposite her that she had married a man whom she did not love and was practically running away from him.

"Why did you do it?" came the inquiry in rather a faint voice.

Renée explained the conditions of her father's will. Then, raising herself on her elbow, she

(Translation: Dramatic, and all other right, secured. Copyright U.S.A.)

struck a match and lit a cigarette. "You won't mind if I set the train on fire, will you? No... well, it wasn't that I wanted the money... she continued in an apologetic tone. "I don't know what you mean. I'm a stranger there would have been awkward complications. My stepmother, whom I used to think was rather a dear, would have been let in horribly badly—in fact, she would have been ruined; and there were others."

She blew a whiff of smoke into the stuffy air and lay back on her pillow.

The other girl took a long time to comment on this. "I suppose you're not yet married to Sir Lambert, all sorts of harm to different peon would result?" Miss Maitland seemed to hold her breath as she waited for the reply; her fingers clenched the coverlet convulsively.

"That's it exactly. But I'm afraid I may have benefited the person I particularly wanted to benefit," Renée sighed and played with the bow on her plate.

"Who is that? A man, I suppose?"

"Yes, it is a man. How clever of you to have guessed it!"

"You came to Boulogne to see him?"

"I did. You seem to be very smart at guessing."

"What are we going to do? Give him up?"

"There's nothing else to be done; dear girl," replied Renée with affected nonchalance. "It's true I don't regard myself as Lambert's wife, but other people do and if our names were coupled together it would ruin my friend's political career. And it was to save that I made the sacrifice of Lambert."

"I'll tell you more about it some day. Good-night."

Renée drew the end of her cigarette out of the carriage window. Glancing towards her companion's berth she stealthily drew from under her pillow an oval locket. It contained a very unflattering portrait of Philip Flame cut out of a newspaper. She looked at it through tear-clouded eyes. "Good-night," she whispered as she replaced it beneath her pillow.

She again awoke to find the train panting laboriously up the slopes of the Alps of Savoy. An hour later they both found themselves for the first time in Italy.

They passed half a day at Turin, and were quickly bored by its straight, trim streets all at right angles to each other. The real Italy did not dawn on their eyes till from the "train," doubling and winding through the Apennine passes, they beheld Genoa the Superb on its circle of hills, the blue Mediterranean visible through its forest of blue.

"You are giving me the tinge of life—I've never been so happy before," declared Winnie

Maitland with glistening eyes, as they sat in the luxurious lounge of the great hotel in the Doria Gardens and smoked their cigarettes. The girl's glow had disappeared. Renée might have seen her in gloom, but a magazine in a belated London weekly paper caught her eye. It announced that the *Regenerator* had been acquired by a small private syndicate, of which the enterprising American financier, Mr. Sturtevant Tenbrook, was understood to be at the head. A complete change of the policy of the paper was to be anticipated. Mr. Flame had resigned the editorship, and would have no further connection with the journal.

Renée threw down the weekly, and eagerly scanned all the other English papers at the hotel bookstall. Nearly all contained the bare announcement of the change of proprietorship. At last she took up an illustrated London weekly called *Behind the Scenes*. The first page of this enterprise periodical was devoted to two columns of extremely personal paragraphs under the heading, "They Tell Us." Among the items "I'm a celibate" and "I'm a widow" the recent change in the proprietorship of a political weekly is due to the refusal of a lady recently widowed to finance the editor any longer"—"that the benefitted person I particularly wanted to benefit," Renée sighed and played with the bow on her plate.

"Who is that? A man, I suppose?"

"Yes, it is a man. How clever of you to have guessed it!"

"I did. You seem to be very smart at guessing."

"What are we going to do? Give him up?"

"There's nothing else to be done; dear girl," replied Renée with affected nonchalance. "It's true I don't regard myself as Lambert's wife, but other people do and if our names were coupled together it would ruin my friend's political career. And it was to save that I made the sacrifice of Lambert."

Renée, white to the lips, replaced the sourious little rag on the rack, and returned to her place beside Miss Maitland. She felt hot all over. Coverly she looked round the lounge, wondering if everyone recognised her as the lady who had "raked in the sponducks."

She rose abruptly and walked to the window, looking out over the medieval scenes and the myriad lights of the exquisite Italian city. These pretty pinpricks had goaded her to action. Since everyone knew that Philip Flame's journal had been financed by a woman, another woman should restore it to her. She wondered why the idea had not presented itself to her before. He would refuse to take her money, but he would not refuse to edit a paper if he did not know what she owned it.

She knitted her brows. She had heard the name before somewhere. Ah! she remembered. He was the man of whom Berglof had spoken as a prospective buyer of the diamonds her stepmother had sold. She wondered whether he had bought them, after all. But that did not matter now.

What did matter was that Philip should be immediately restored to his place in public life. Her eyes again sought something in the crowd of figures which escaped her. She could save him after all. Her sacrifice was not vain. With the money purchased by her surrender to Lambert she would buy back the *Regenerator* from the syndicate, or perhaps found another journal on the same lines.

It was kind of the editor of *Behind the Scenes* to put the idea in her head. She must first get into communication with Tenbrook. She went over to the writing desk and began a letter to her friend Berglof.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"I'VE heard from her at last," announced Sir Lambert Pomfret as he shook hands with his uncle's widow.

Volande still occupied her suite of rooms at the Pomfret Lodge. It was doubly hateful to her now—it would remind her not only of her bondage to her dead husband, but (more bitter still) would always be haunted for her by memories of the hours that Philip and she had passed there together.

She greeted Lambert with that languid air and slightly cynical smile which had become habitual with her of late. "And how have heard from her," she echoed. "Does she beg permission to return and all will be forgotten?"

Lambert produced a letter from his pocket-book and handed it to her. It was dated simply from Rome, and ran: "Dear Lambert,—After what took place at West Kensington, I cannot consent ever to live under the same roof with you. I do not think you are able to observe the terms of our marriage. I am resolved to leave you for the rest of my life. This will make things easier for both of us. As you need not repay, I do not give my address. Any matter of business between us will be attended to by Graystail, who has my instructions.—Renée."

Volande folded up the letter, and returned it to Lambert. She smiled sarcastically. "What else can you expect? She acted like a fool. Any woman would have run away in the circumstances."

"I see—that's your view of it. May I ask how you think I ought to have behaved?"

"I will tell you. You should have made a friend of Flame, and expressed your confidence in him and thrown them as much as possible together. She would have put up with you, then, believe me! And the results would have been amusing."

She did not see the sneer on the man's face. "I might have followed that plan," he said dryly. "But I didn't happen to be so well educated—not even for my own ends. Your late lamented husband, my uncle. Moreover, I am not sure that Renée is quite as much in love with Flame as you—quite naturally"—he bowed and smiled—"believe her to be."

"You are not sure!" she cried mockingly, moved by his taunts. "Perhaps it may interest you to learn that she followed him to Boulogne, and still talks with him on the rampart outside his window. And that she is trying to buy back the *Regenerator*—his old paper—from Tenbrook, the man who bought it!"

Sir Lambert started. "From Tenbrook?" he repeated. "What do you know of Tenbrook?"

(To be continued.)

New Life for the Ailing

The "Wine of Life" that is recommended by over 10,000 Doctors

Just as water revives a drooping flower—so "Wincarnis" gives new life to the weakened body. Because "Wincarnis" is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker and a Nerve Food—*all in one*. It strengthens the Weak—gives new vitality to the Anemic—new vitality to the "Run-down"—new nerves to the Nerve Sufferer—sleep to the Sleepless—vigor to the Fatigued, the Depressed and the Exhausted—and new life to everyone. Don't continue to suffer needlessly—take advantage of the new health "Wincarnis" offers you. But, be sure you get "Wincarnis," because it is the only Wine Tonic of any repute that does not contain drugs.

Are you Anaemic?

Is your face white? Are your lips and gums bloodless? Are your eyes dull? Does your heart palpitate? If so, you need "Wincarnis" to fill your veins with new, rich red blood. Take "Wincarnis" three times a day. You will feel better from even the most trifling glassful—you will feel the new, rich blood dancing through your veins.

Are you "Nervy"?

Do you "jump" at a sudden sound? Do you feel irritable? Are you nervous? Do you have headaches? Do you have neuralgia? Do you suffer from nervous debility? That is, do you have nervous nerves? Come up to "Wincarnis." You need a short course of "Wincarnis." "Wincarnis" is a powerful nerve builder which acts directly upon the nerve centers and thus transmits new vigor and new life to the nerves all over the body.

Begin to get well FREE.

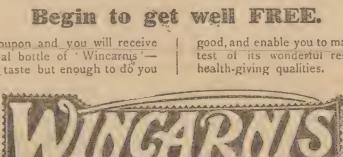
Send the coupon and you will receive a liberal trial bottle of "Wincarnis"—not a mere taste but enough to do you

Are you Weak?

Do you feel incapable of exertion? Does your work exhaust you? Do you feel intensely weary in all your limbs? If so, take "Wincarnis" three times a day, and it will give you new strength and new energy. It will give you more strength and more vigor, until, step by step, it rebuilds your weakened constitution and recreates your lost vitality.

Are you Run-down?

Do you feel listless, low-spirited and weary of everything? Do you find your work tiresome and your recreation exhausting? If so, you need "Wincarnis" and drink it three times a day. A few doses of "Wincarnis" will quickly put you right. Take a wineglassful of "Wincarnis" in the middle of the morning, and on the last thing at night. You will be delighted with the new vigor and new vitality it will give you.



AFTER FREE TRIAL

You can obtain "Wincarnis" from your Wine Merchant or from all Chemists and Grocers holding wine licenses. "Wincarnis" is also sold by the glass and in 1/- flasks at all Hotels, Restaurants and Railway Station Refreshment Bars. If you would like to try before you buy

Send the Coupon for a free trial bottle.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

COLEMAN & CO., Ltd.,

W 161, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of "Wincarnis." I enclose three penny stamps to pay postage.

Name _____

Address _____
"D. Mr."
7/1/14.



FINE SPORT AT GATWICK RACES.

Some Surprising Results—Red Damsel Takes the Reigate Hurdle.

EASY WIN FOR CHIT CHAT.

Alternate thaws and frost left the ground at Gatwick in much better condition than might have been expected. Attracted by a good programme and very fine weather, there was a large gathering yesterday and some capital sport was seen.

Several horses came to grief, and by the fall of Beaminster in the Leatherhead Steeplechase Reardon, who rode, suffered severe injuries. That hard-working veteran, Achais, also known as the Grey Leg IV, readily won from Cyneth Nimbod VI, Millfold, too.

Gore's stable scored in a much more important race, the Reigate Hurdle, which was run in record time.

Sir J. Assumption-Smith's powerful team from Ireland, in this case effected a surprise to the great majority of bettors, who had supported either Responsible, Tommy Hop or Chit Chat.

Responsible best a fair lot of money, but of the three Tommy Hop did best and fairly comfortably.

Indeed, he took the like honour until joined by Red Damsel, who got the best of the game from the last hurdles.

Percy Woodland rode the winner, and thus the course was followed by Responsible, Miss Sweetie,

in the first race.

The Horley Hurdle brought out quite a good field of sellers, the most fancied being Miss Sweetie, Sherwood Rise and Guadalupe. Old Rapt was also backed, although on the Sandown form he had the worst of the start. She was beaten by the others, notably Miss Sweetie, but not so much as to Sherwood Rise, whose success brought much glee to the Lewes mill, run by Harry Ecock. Neither Captain Drift nor Sir J. Assumption-Smith had a very moderate display.

Meadowweet II, a recent and perhaps lucky winner at Newbury, was pulled out in preference to Savant II for the last race, and Sir J. Assumption-Smith, who had had the mount on The Last, and after Newsender and Watershed had been prominent as leaders The Last came through towards the close to score very readily from Meadowweet.

A new race in the Gatwick programme, the Four-Year-Old Hurdle, was run on Saturday afternoon, and the post, Ballykisteen, named after Mr. George Edwards's stud farm in Ireland, was made favourite, and of those in the field the liberal price was given to Chit Chat. The latter proved to be the sixteen and won by a nose over Cyneth from Ballykisteen, Eastwick getting third.

Perseverance, little short of being a non-winner of the Cyneth Cup, Hounds' Cup, and Little Rover at Nottingham last month, but was now meeting him on 9lb. lower terms.

SELECTIONS FOR GATWICK.

1. C.—ARABLE.	2. 30.—SALVATION.
1. C.—GREY CORONET.	3. 0.—WARBINE.
2. 6.—SIMON THE LEPER.	3. 30.—BRIDGE IV.
	Special Selection.
	WARBINE.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

SIMON THE LEPER and, WARBINE.

GATWICK PROGRAMME.

1. 0.—CLAYTON S. CHASE.	85 sows: 2m.
Grey Leg	73 10 yrs st lb
Arable	12 9 Thurifer
Millfold	13 7 Bonny Success
Reid Admiral	11 12 Botany Bay
Red Admiral	6 11 5 Chapped Lips
	Tolstoy

1. 30.—CATERHAM HURDLE.	85 sows: 2m.
Pothenon	12 6 Dark Simon
Grey Coronet	12 5 Thrifer
Arable	12 6 Thorne and
Millfold	11 7 Woffin
Reid Admiral	11 12 Wenden II
Red Admiral	6 11 5 Chapped Lips
	Tolstoy

2. 30.—MODERATE TURFLE.	85 sows: 2m.
Bullring	11 9 Royal Turk
Prestige	11 9 Starlight
Gotham	6 11 6 Cosy
Bitter Cherry	6 11 6 Bulfinch
Forrestick	5 11 6 Starlight
Fernott	11 4 Thika
Dhoocheen	5 11 5 Plasturton
Blithe Hop	10 13 Knightly King
Blatherick	10 12 Southerov
Responsible	5 10 12 Cheery Boy
Liquor	5 10 11

2. 30.—MAIDEN HURDLE.	85 sows: 2m.
Goldcup	6 11 7 Bullring
Initiation	6 11 7 Messenger
Team	6 11 7 Shafnose
Up the Pole	4 10 7 Popoffa
Wise	4 10 7 St. Gall
Clever Mac	5 11 3 Break O' Day
Wades Lead	5 11 3 Agapinthus
Primrose Path	4 10 7
Grithope	4 11 0 Primrose Path
Nightcap	4 11 0 Agapinthus
Imaginary	4 10 7 Empoli
Caravan	4 10 7 Oppiliger
Guinevere	4 10 7 Playman
Kiss Me	4 10 7 Sensible Symons
Swell	4 10 7 Samson's Hill
Rubber King	4 10 7
Costume	4 10 7
Comfort	4 10 7

2. 30.—GRANGE CHASE.	85 sows: 3m.
Bridge IV	12 2 Prince Abercorn
Flamingo	12 2 Videl Charles
Cortigan's Pride	11 9 worth
Sentry	11 3 Prospect
Wormwood	10 10 Walish
Ann Signs	10 10 Watersfield
Comfort	10 5

GATWICK RACING RETURNS.

1. 0.—HORLEY S. HURDLE.	2m.—SHERWOOD RISE
W. (Eccott)	1. GUADELOUPE (J. Dillon)
Flamingo	3. 0.—MORIMOD VI
Cortigan's Pride	2. RAPT.
Sentry	4. 0.—NIMROD VI
Wormwood	5. 0.—NIMROD VI
Ann Signs	6. 0.—NIMROD VI
Comfort	7. 0.—NIMROD VI

1. 0.—LEATHERHEAD S. CHASE.	2m.—GREY LEG
J. Kelly	1. CRETE (R. Morgan)
Flamingo	2. RAPT.
Cortigan's Pride	3. 0.—NIMROD VI
Sentry	4. 0.—NIMROD VI
Wormwood	5. 0.—NIMROD VI
Ann Signs	6. 0.—NIMROD VI
Comfort	7. 0.—NIMROD VI

1. 0.—GATWICK S. CHASE.	2m.—GREY LEG
J. Kelly	1. CRETE (R. Morgan)
Flamingo	2. RAPT.
Cortigan's Pride	3. 0.—NIMROD VI
Sentry	4. 0.—NIMROD VI
Wormwood	5. 0.—NIMROD VI
Ann Signs	6. 0.—NIMROD VI
Comfort	7. 0.—NIMROD VI

1. 0.—GATWICK R. CHASE.	2m.—SHREWSBURY RISE
J. Kelly	1. CRETE (R. Morgan)
Flamingo	2. RAPT.
Cortigan's Pride	3. 0.—NIMROD VI
Sentry	4. 0.—NIMROD VI
Wormwood	5. 0.—NIMROD VI
Ann Signs	6. 0.—NIMROD VI
Comfort	7. 0.—NIMROD VI

1. 0.—GATWICK R. CHASE.	2m.—SHREWSBURY RISE
J. Kelly	1. CRETE (R. Morgan)
Flamingo	2. RAPT.
Cortigan's Pride	3. 0.—NIMROD VI
Sentry	4. 0.—NIMROD VI
Wormwood	5. 0.—NIMROD VI
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Wormwood	5. 0.—NIMROD VI
Ann Signs	6. 0.—NIMROD VI
Comfort	7. 0.—NIMROD VI

1. 0.—GATWICK R. CHASE.	2m.—SHREWSBURY RISE

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FINGERS BEGAN TO ITCH AND BURN

Trouble Began Like Blisters. Awfully Inflamed. Got Worse and Spread. "Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured."

Beehive Inn, High St., Old Hill, Staffs, Eng.—"It began like blisters. I had a red mark come on one of my fingers and it began to itch and burn. My fingers were inflamed awfully. I couldn't help but rub them, then they broke, and it was like water that came out. It began to get worse and seemed to spread. At the end of the week I had a hole in four of my fingers and it went till I had it in both my hands. It was miserable; I didn't know what to do, it was itching and burning all the while. I used to put my hands in cold water to cool them. I used to put my hands in

"They didn't get any better, so I took a treatment. They said it was eczema. I was given some ointment to put on them and told to keep them wrapped up. I used it and had two or three boxes more, and it didn't seem to do them any good. Then I heard about Cuticura Soap and Ointment, so I wrote for a sample, which was sent. I washed with the Cuticura Soap and put the Cuticura Ointment on all my fingers every night. By the time I had used the sample I found my fingers were a little better. Then I bought a tablet of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured."—Miss May Smith, Aug. 7, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. A single set often sufficient when all else fails. Sample of each with 32-p. Skin Book free from nearest depot. Address: F. Newbery and Sons, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London, or Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Boston, U.S.A.

Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI.—Strand. To-DAY at 8.15. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Musical Production in 2 acts. *The Girl from Utah*. Matines every Saturday, at 2. Box-office, 10 to 10 Teles, 2645 and 8886 Ger.

ALCHEMY.—Evenings, 8.30. Matines, Weds. and Sat., 2.30. **EVER ON THE DOORSTEP**, by George R. Sims and H. H. Hersey. Prog. price, 1s. to 2s.

AMBASSADOR'S.—To-DAY, 2.30 and 8.15. **TOLSTOY'S GREAT RUSSIAN DRAMA,** "ANNA KARENINA."

Matines, Weds. and Sat., at 2.30.

APOLLO.—2.45, 8.45. **CHARLES HAWTREY IN NEVER SAY DIE**, by W. H. Post, 2 and 8. "The Wife Tamer." Mat. (both plays), Weds., Sat., at 2.

COMEDY.—Every Evening, at 9. Mr. Tom B. Davis presents *A PLACE IN THE SUN*, by CYRIL HARROUD. At 8.30. *THE THIRTEENTH*.

CRICKETON.—Phone 3844. *Prog. 3365.*

To-day at 3 and 9. Mats., Weds. and Sat., 3 p.m. *Preceded at 2.30 by a Comedy Sketch*. 25s/nd Performance To-day.

DALYS'.—TO-DAY, at 2 and 8. **MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' Production, THE MERRY MARKET**. Musical Play in 3 acts. Matines every Saturday, 2.30.

DRURY LANE.—Twice Daily, at 1.30 and 7.30. **THE SLEEPING BEAUTY REAWAKENED**, by GEORGE GRAVES and FLORENCE SMITHSON. Box-office Tel., 2581 (2 lines) Ger.

DUKE OF YORK'S.—To-day, at 2, and Every Afternoon, *Charles Greville's PUNCH PAN*, and Every Evening, at 8.30. **QUALITY STREET**.

GARRICK.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.30. Louis Meyer presents **WHO'S THE LADY?** A new farce from the French. Box-office, 10 to 10. Ger. 9513.

GARRETT.—**THE RAINBOW ENDS** (3rd season). DAILY at 2.15. (Five weeks' season.)

GLOBE THEATRE.—A New Children's Play, **EVERY AFTERNOON**, at 2.30. SATURDAYS excepted. **THE WEDDING WITHOUT A HEART**.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Every Evening, at 8.30. MATINEES, SATURDAY, 2.30. **THE NIGHT HAWK**.

Preceded at 8.30 by **FREDERICK DALE Entertainer**.

HAMMARKET.—WITHIN THE LAW. To-day and Sat. produced by Sir Herbert Tree, 2.30, 4.30. **A Dear Little Wife**. Weds., Thurs., Sat., and on TUESDAYS, Jan. 15 and 20.

HIS MAJESTY'S.—TO-DAY, at 2 and 8. **JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN**, by Louis N. Parker. Jacobs, 2.30. **THE XMAS LIGHTS**. Last Mats., To-day and Jan. 10, 14, 21, 28. (Last 8.30.)

KINGSWAY.—**THE GREAT ADVENTURE**, by Arnold Bennett, 2.30, 8.30. Mats., Weds., Sat.

LITTLE THEATRE, John-st. Strand.—3 and 9. **KENELM FOSS presents "MAGIC," by G. K. CHESTERTON**. **THE XMAS LIGHTS**. Last Mats., Thurs., and Sat., 2.30. **LAST NIGHTS**.

LYCEUM PANTOMIME, BABES IN THE WOOD. TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 7.30. Strongest Pantomime Company in London. Prices 5s. to 6d. Children admitted free. Box-office Tel., 2581.

LYRIC.—**THE GIRL WHO DIDN'T**. To-NIGHT at 8.15. MATS., SATS., at 2.15.

NEW.—**THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL**. To-day at 2.30. To-night, at 8.30. Matines, Weds., Thurs., and Sat., at 2.30.

PLAYHOUSE.—2.30, 8.30. MATS., WEDS., SATS. **THE MARY TEASdale** presented by Comedy, MARY GOES FIRST. BY HENRY ARTHUR JOSEPH.

PRINCE OF WALES'—**CHARLEY'S AUNT**. TWICE DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.45. Proceeded each evening at 8 by MARUSA. Popular Prices.

PRINCES.—Every Evening, at 7.45. Matinee, Every Wed. and Sat. at 2.30. **WALTER HOWARD'S NEW LOVE**. PRODUCED BY THE ROSARY. Prices 6s. to 8s. Box-office 10-10. 5982 Ger.

QUEEN'S.—2.30, 8.30. **THE FORTUNE HUNTER**. Matines, Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. TANGO FEAS., 3.30, except Wed. Sat.

ROYALTY.—TO-NIGHT at 8.30. **THE PURFECT OF PAMELA**. By C. B. Ferndale. Matines, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 2.30. Dennis Eddie, Gladys Cooper.

ST. JAMES'S.—TO-DAY, at 2.30 and 8.40. **THE ATTACK**, by H. H. Green. Matinees, George Eerton. GEORGE ALEXANDER and MARTHA CEDAR MAN. Mats., Weds. and Sat., 2.30.

SAVOY.—**THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA**. To-day, at 2. THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA. Thursday Evng., 8.

START THE NEW YEAR WELL, AND KEEP WELL THROUGHOUT THE NEW YEAR BY MAKING



A REGULAR PORTION OF YOUR DAILY DIET. THOUSANDS DID SO LAST YEAR WITH THE MOST GRATIFYING RESULTS.

St. Ivel Lactic Cheese is soft, creamy and delicious as a table delicacy, wholesome and beneficial as a food.

It contains in due proportion, fat, protein and organic phosphates, the elements of which are essential to good health.

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DAILY BARGAINS.

Dress. **D**RESS.—*INHERITANCE OF REEM DE BRAIS*—and other Costumes from 2.15. *Red Dress*—

SHAFESBURY.—**THE PEARL GIRL**—Mr. Robert Courtey's new production.

TODAY, at 2 and 8. MATS., WEDS., SATS., at 2.

SIRKLAND.—2.45 and 9. Louis Meyer presents **ME WE**, a New Chinese Play.

MATINEES.—**THE ENTERTAINERS**. MATS., WEDS., SATS.

VAUDEVILLE.—TO-NIGHT, at 9. ROBINA IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND.

By Jerome K. Jerome.

At 8.30. **UNLUCKY HILL** by **Memory Rees**.

WYNHAM'S.—At 2 and 8. **DIPLOMACY**, by Victorian Sardou. MATS., WEDS., SATS., at 2.

ALIAMBA.—MAIN STAIRCASE and Varieties. Matines Wednesdays and Saturdays 2.15.

KEEP SMILING.—Reduced prices.

HIPPODROME.—**COME DIALY**, at 2.30 and 8.30. **THE LADY SHIRLEY**.

Kellog Harry Tate Gerald Kirby, Teddie Gerrard, Julia James, etc. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel., 650 Ger.

SCAALA.—**SOONER OR LATER**, by **GEORGE FORMBY** (G. A. Carle) and **WILLIAM STEERN**, Mary Law, Chinko, Minnie Kaufman, etc.

Open 7.45. Saturday Matines, 2.15.

TOURIST.—**ERNEST C. ROLL'S** greatest success. **FULL INSIDE**, Novel Musical Revue. **ERNEST C. ROLL'S** (G. A. Carle) William Steern, Mary Law, Chinko, Minnie Kaufman, etc.

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ARTICLES FOR DENTISTS. Best Modern Motor underworks; practical inventions, not a redundancy to make children sit up in their beds; 100% guaranteed; 100% efficiency; 100% value for money; 100% guarantee; 100% extra; clearly worded, not complicated or scientific; can have also list free with diagram of the Wheel Works, 63, New Kent Rd. London. Est. 1860. 8.30 till 8. Saturday 1 o'clock.

BUTTER.—We specialize in household articles for tea, dinner, toilet, etc., complete outfit and every class of china, glass, silver, cutlery, porcelain, etc., including Royal Household Buckingham Palace, Royal Household, Queen's Apartments, etc., and all designs accurately shown in colours in complete free cata-

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ARTIFICIAL.—**Teeth** bought, to be sold again or exchanged; forwarded by post utmost value per return, or offer made. —Messrs. Browning, 63, Oxford-st. London.

CASTOFF CLOTHES.—All Uniforms, Lace, Teeth, Jewellery, etc., bought. Higher prices buyers attend first; cash by post. Send us your old clothes, hats, stockings, lace, etc., to 10, Westport, London. Tel., 1843 Park, Est. 50 years.

DAMAGED JEWELLERY. Old Teeth, Plate, etc.: highest prices paid. **CHARLES G. COOPER**, 13, Charing Cross, London. Tel., 2195.

FAIR Teeth, Bought, any condition; 7d. to 2s. 6d. per platinum-plated tooth on vulcanite. 6s. on silver. 12s. on gold. 20s. on gold. 30s. on gold. 40s. on gold. 50s. on gold. 60s. on gold. 70s. on gold. 80s. on gold. 90s. on gold. 100s. on gold. 110s. on gold. 120s. on gold. 130s. on gold. 140s. on gold. 150s. on gold. 160s. on gold. 170s. on gold. 180s. on gold. 190s. on gold. 200s. on gold. 210s. on gold. 220s. on gold. 230s. on gold. 240s. on gold. 250s. on gold. 260s. on gold. 270s. on gold. 280s. on gold. 290s. on gold. 300s. on gold. 310s. on gold. 320s. on gold. 330s. on gold. 340s. on gold. 350s. on gold. 360s. on gold. 370s. on gold. 380s. on gold. 390s. on gold. 400s. on gold. 410s. on gold. 420s. on gold. 430s. on gold. 440s. on gold. 450s. on gold. 460s. on gold. 470s. on gold. 480s. on gold. 490s. on gold. 500s. on gold. 510s. on gold. 520s. on gold. 530s. on gold. 540s. on gold. 550s. on gold. 560s. on gold. 570s. on gold. 580s. on gold. 590s. on gold. 600s. on gold. 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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1914

One Halfpenny.

PLUCKY GIRL OF SEVEN CLIMBS A TALL CHURCH STEEPLE.



Mr. Lovett climbing the steeple.



On her way up.



Miss Lovett laying the stone.

Without the slightest trace of nervousness, Miss Favell Lovett, aged seven, climbed the tall steeple of St. Mary's Church, Southampton, to lay the top stone and cross.

She is the daughter of the vicar, the Rev. Neville Lovett, and, as the youngest member of the family, was chosen to perform the ceremony.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

WHY DO WOMEN ALWAYS AFFECT UGLY DOGS? THE PEKINGESE SHOW.



Is it because they wish to throw their beauty into greater relief that leads women to choose ugly dogs? First it was the pug, and now it is the Pekingese, of which

there was a big entry at yesterday's show in London. The pictures show judging for the championships and Miss Cross with her litter.

